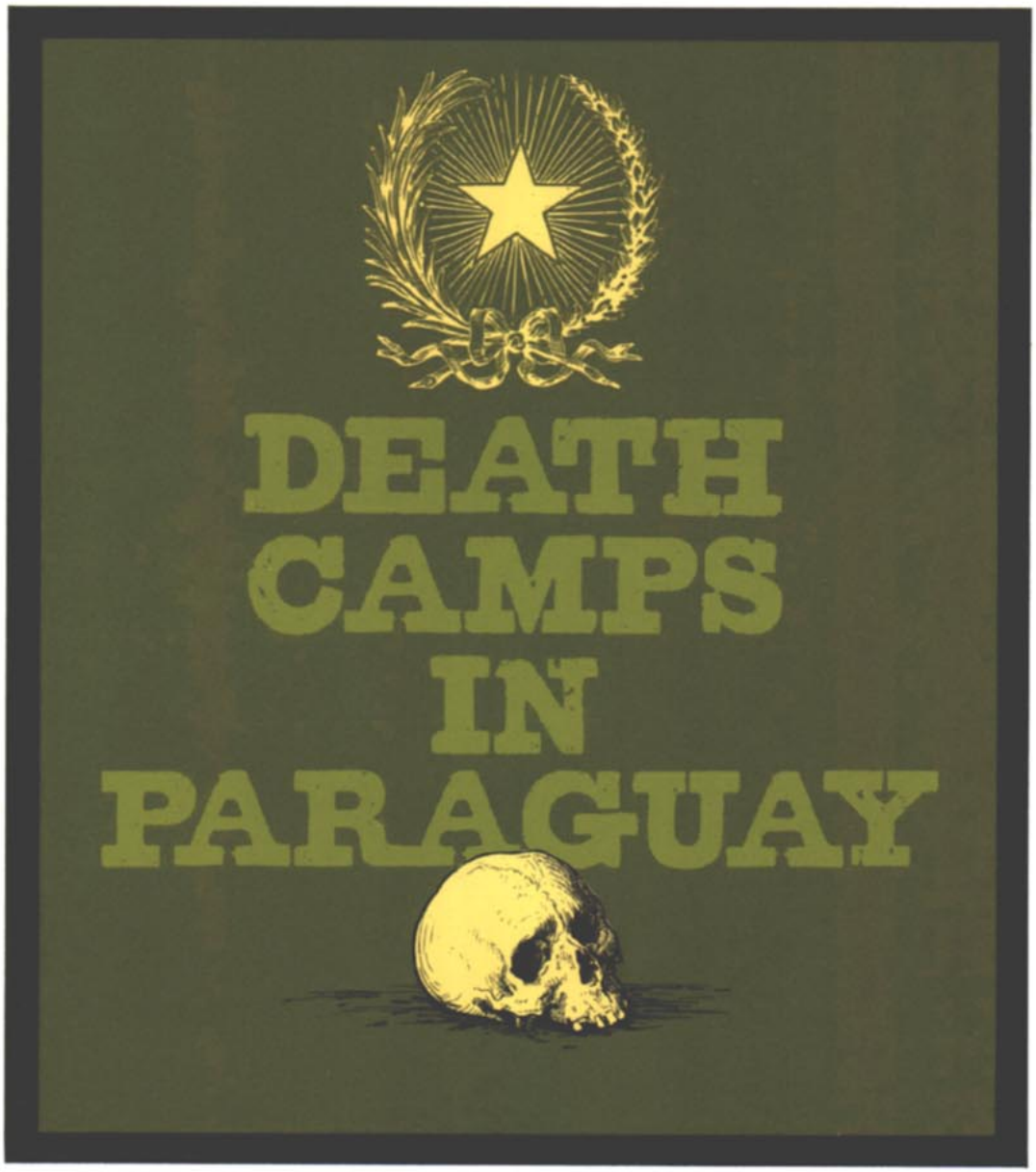
INQUIRY
MAGAZINE
JANUARY 2, 1978 • $1.25

Competition Comes to the Professions

The Great Korean Aid Machine

Szasz: *Western & Soviet Psychiatry*

An Eyewitness Report by RICHARD ARENS



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An Open Letter to the National Council to Control Handguns From a Civil Rights Activist

Several times recently, I've received copies of your appeal. I'm not surprised – I belong to and support a number of liberal causes involved with civil rights and liberties – and, very likely you've gotten my name from several mailing lists. I would like to ask that you send me no more appeals. I do not support your view and have no intention of doing so.

I come out of a racially mixed background – Indian and White – and my roots go deep into this land. Trained as a sociologist, I am currently a professor in the Graduate Program in Urban and Regional Planning at the University of Iowa and am also The U. of I.'s Advisor to the American Indian students. I have had many firearms – and currently have seven including a handgun for target/plinking purposes.

In the early 1960's, I taught at Tougaloo College – a Black school in Mississippi. I served as the Advisor to the Jackson Youth Council of the NAACP, was a member of the statewide board of the NAACP, and was Chairman of the Strategy Committee of the Jackson Movement during the massive demonstrations in the spring and summer of 1963. I was beaten and arrested many times – hospitalized on a couple of occasions. This happened to many, many people in the Movement. No one knows what kind of massive racist retaliation would have been directed against grassroots Black people had the Black community not had a healthy measure of firearms within it.

When the campus of Tougaloo College was fired upon in December, 1962, by White racial night-riders, my home was shot up and a bullet missed my infant daughter by inches. We received no help from the Justice Department and we guarded our campus – faculty and students together – on that and subsequent occasions. We let this be known in a calm and sensible manner and the racial attacks on Tougaloo slackened considerably. Night-riders are cowardly people and they take advantage of fear and weakness.

From 1969 to 1973, I was Southside Director of the Chicago Commons Association – a large, privately funded social service agency. Our major focus on the Southside involved assisting Black, Chicano, and Puerto Rican people in developing multi-issue block clubs involved with schools, civic services, housing, police/community relations, etc. – in the context of racially changing neighborhoods and White racial groups ranging from the American Nazi Party, to youth gangs, and other organizations similar to the White Citizens' Councils of the South. My staff and I received many death threats and, on one occasion, men came to my home – with knives in their hands and in broad daylight – to tell my wife and children that they intended to kill me. (I happened to be at work.) The police were not much help. Again, I was glad that I had weapons in my home – particularly firearms – and, just as we had in the South some years before, we guarded our home and let it be known that we were doing so. The would-be assailants never returned. We responded to hate calls on the telephone by telling the callers that we were prepared for them.

I noticed something else in Chicago. The police, honorably committed as the vast majority of them are, could not begin to deal with the crime situation in the city. Large numbers of people, certainly the low-income minority people with whom we worked, were glad when they had personal firearms protection. Outlaws can always get guns – they can make them and they can use knives, a hatchet, or a vast number of other things.

What you propose – the taking of handguns – is, in my opinion, morally and legally wrong and quite unenforceable. We are a free people and have a natural right to possess firearms, we have the Second Amendment whose intent is quite clear to any objective person (as liberals, we take a sound view of the First Amendment; why do you not take the same honest view of the Second?); and we have a vast number of people in this country – neither extremists nor outlaws – who have no intention of seeing gun control legislation enacted.

You are not only after handguns but I am sure you are for a kind of national registration of all firearms – Orwellian to the core – and, in the last analysis, are after the confiscation of all firearms. There may be people in your group who are not prepared to go that far – but I suspect that total confiscation is the ultimate goal of your prime movers.

The causes of crime are complex and involved: racism and ethnocentrism, poverty, urban congestion and at the same time inter-personal and value alienation. They can't be constructively touched by gimmicky legislation – but gimmicky legislation can hurt good people and seriously damage the libertarian traditions of this country.

Sincerely, **Professor John R. Salter, Jr.**

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"UNTIL NOW," WROTE ELIE Wiesel upon learning of the plight of the Aché Indians in Paraguay, "I always forbade myself to compare the Holocaust of European Judaism to events which are foreign to it." We, too, hesitate to make the comparison. But after reading Richard Arens's eyewitness report on the destruction of the Aché, we could not avoid it. "I didn't know," Wiesel wrote. But now we all know.

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INQUIRY MAGAZINE, Volume 1, Number 4, January 2, 1978. Published biweekly except for the second half of July and August. INQUIRY is published at 1501 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, VA 22209. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Arlington, VA and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription price: $17.50; single copy price: $1.25. Send subscription requests and address corrections to: P.O. Box 19270, Washington, DC 20036. *Copyright 1978 by Cato Institute, 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111.* *ISSN No. 0148-5008.*

RES PUBLICA

What a patriot

■ Former Ambassador to Iran Richard M. Helms has opened an international consulting firm here which he said yesterday will concentrate on developing business interests in the United States for Iranian companies. . . . "I'm quite different from a lobbyist," he said. "I'm not trying to influence our government or our country. All I'm trying to do is help our balance of payments."

—Washington Post, Nov. 17, 1977

The Uganda standard

■ Former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, a Bavarian conservative, was at the center of a political storm in West Germany last week and emerged as a possible candidate to succeed Chancellor Helmut Schmidt if the country were to swerve to the right. The 62-year-old Mr. Strauss, who has often courted controversy, was the target of violent criticism because of remarks he made during and after a five-day visit to Chile.

The Bavarian leader met with President Augusto Pinochet and at a news conference in Santiago said he was impressed by the "domestic peace and political stability" he had encountered in Chile. . . .

Mr. Strauss, in interviews with reporters after his return from Chile Wednesday, rejected all criticisms of his visit and his comments there. He said the attacks on the Chilean junta and on himself were a "giant hypocrisy," contending that President Pinochet's Government, while authoritarian, was not totalitarian and much less brutal than other military regimes throughout the world.

—New York Times, Nov. 28, 1977

Goddammit

■ The Massachusetts Senate has voted to keep on the books a 280-year-old statute against blasphemy. The Senate voted 26 to 15 Tuesday against legislation that would have repealed the 1697 law. Violators of the statute—which prohibits profane comments involving God or things divine—can be jailed for up to one year or fined up to $300.

—Los Angeles Times, Dec. 12, 1977

More hope for the future

■ It's years off, but I see more effective democracy coming through electronic devices.

We now use satellites and sensors that are powerful enough to differentiate between a goat and a sheep. We've also discovered that a human being gives off an electromagnetic field that can show whether a person is positive or negative about a subject.

Satellite sensors going around the world will be able to pick up each and every person's electromagnetic field and determine how the majority of humanity feels about a given proposition. It will be possible to ask big questions and get immediate total-humanity reactions. Using such a system, a continuing true majority of society will be gradually solving its own problems.

—R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER, *in an interview with U.S. News & World Report, Dec. 5, 1977*

Just so they're happy

■ A coalition of national civil liberties groups has strongly criticized a Justice Department proposal to immunize federal employees from civil suits charging them with violating constitutional rights. . . .

[Attorney General Griffin] Bell had outlined the proposed legislation in a Sept. 16 letter to Vice President Mondale, saying it would protect federal employees from having to pay damages in suits arising from performance of their duties. The bill would substitute the government as a defendant and eliminate the need for hiring private attorneys to defend the employees, Bell said. . . .

In his proposal, Bell acknowledged that one of the "main purposes of the amendment is to improve employee morale. . . ."

—Washington Post, Nov. 26, 1977

Just so he's happy

■ The White House persuaded the State Department to allow Bert Lance to keep his diplomatic passport, an international status symbol, despite his resignation from Government service and continuing federal investigations into his business background. "They raised with us the possibility that he might represent President Carter abroad," a State Department official said today.

—New York Times, Dec. 1, 1977

But can he keep his passport?

■ The local chief of the Central Intelligence Agency says he has been forced to retire after calling publicly for an investigation of possible illegal action by CIA officers.

Donald S. Jordan, a 26-year CIA veteran and head of the San Diego office, said three agency officials arrived at his office Monday and handed him a retirement application. "The admiral has looked at your memo," Jordan said they told him, referring to his telegram urging an inquiry by CIA Director Stansfield Turner, "and is exercising his prerogative to terminate you. . . ."

His complaints, [Jordan] said, fall into three general categories: abuse of private citizens, "lying and fabrication of intelligence information," and internal problems such as "illicit personnel files which are in conflict with officials' files."

—Los Angeles Times, Dec. 12, 1977

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Carter's toast to the shah

What unshakable alliance?

LAST MONTH, WHEN THE SHAH of Iran came to visit, the White House threw a lavish party. And, as is the custom at these parties—or state dinners, as they are called—President Carter offered a toast to his guest. According to the news accounts, he spoke of the "unbreakable ties of friendship" that bind the United States and Iran, and declared that "our military alliance is unshakable." The latter statement especially is something of an exaggeration. As President Carter should know—or if he doesn't, someone should tell him before it's too late—the United States is not now, nor has it ever been, party to a military alliance with Iran.

Perhaps the president was laboring under the illusion that the United States is a member of CENTO, the Central Treaty Organization. If so, he would not be the only one to make this mistake. Earlier this year, in an article about U.S. collective-security agreements, the *New York Times* did it too, listing the United States, Britain, Turkey, Iran, and Pakistan as members of CENTO. But the fact is that the United States never was a member of CENTO; it never signed the treaty. One of the State Department's own publications, *Treaties in Force*, bears out this fact.

How does it happen that two such presumably well-informed sources as the president of the United States and the *New York Times* should be so wrong? Or, more important, how does it happen that despite the lack of any treaty commitment to Iran, the United States, for at least the past 20 years, has been acting as if there were a military alliance, unshakable or otherwise, between this country and Iran? The answer to both questions lies in an extraconstitutional practice of U.S. foreign policy known as *executive agreement*. Under the Constitution, all treaties with other countries are subject to the advice and consent of the Senate. Under executive agreement, the president can involve the United States, by fiat, in the affairs of other countries.

Although the United States has never been a signatory to CENTO (or to the Baghdad Pact, which preceded the Central Treaty Organization), since 1956 it has had a military liaison office at CENTO headquarters, and has been represented as an observer at meetings of the CENTO Ministerial Council. All these activities stem from agreements made in the 1950s by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, under the Eisenhower doctrine of resisting Communism in the Mideast. All subsequent presidents have reaffirmed this basic but unofficial commitment. Under Richard Nixon—whose doctrine involved strengthening certain client states in order to promote regional stability—it was decided, again by a decision of the executive, to supply Iran with the most sophisticated weapons in the U.S. arsenal.

Today, as a result of various agreements, most of which authorize the sale of advanced weapons to Iran, there are about 30,000 Americans, military personnel and civilians, under contract to the military in Iran. Most of them are involved in training Iran's armed forces to operate the highly complicated weaponry. It is likely that by 1980 there will be 50,000 to 60,000. What this means, as Leslie H. Gelb, the former diplomatic correspondent for the *New York Times* who is now a State Department official, wrote in 1976, is that Iran is now "in a position where it could not fight without thousands of Americans on the scene." Furthermore, Gelb points out—as many others have done—that under these circumstances, if Iran were to become involved in a conflict, "the Americans [stationed in Iran] could become hostages as well as trainers."

Iran is by no means the only country with which the United States has become militarily involved through executive agreements. According to an excellent article by Loch Johnson and James M. McCormick in the Fall 1977 issue of *Foreign Policy*, "Foreign Policy by Executive Fiat," about 70 percent of the 105 most significant military commitments made by the United States during the years 1946–1974 were made by executive agreement. These include the military use of the British island Diego Garcia (1966); the establishment of a military mission in Iran (1974); and the "understanding" under which the United States agreed to send military personnel to serve as monitors of the Sinai disengagement agreement between Egypt and Israel (1975).

The obvious result is that Congress is excluded from major decisions involving U.S. foreign and military policy. As Senator William Fulbright, former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, once observed, "The Senate is asked to convene solemnly to approve by a two-thirds vote a treaty to preserve cultural artifacts in a friendly neighboring country. At the same time, the chief executive is moving military men and material around the globe like so many pawns in a chess game." And, of course, the instrument by which these moves are made is the executive agreement.

Today, according to a recent study by the Center for Defense Information, the United States has executive agreements on military matters with 84 countries. These include agreements authorizing the stationing of U.S. troops abroad, the establishment of U.S. bases on foreign soil, gifts of military equipment, the sale of weapons, the extension of credit for weapons sales, weapons development programs, and mutual defense pacts. About half of these agreements are made without any treaty existing between the United States and the other country.

As President Carter's toast to the shah reminds us, our foreign policy is out of control. To make this a safer world, for ourselves and for everyone else, we must begin to cut back our foreign military involvements of all kinds. A sensible place to begin is with the commitments that have been made by executive agreements. ❑

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Commodore Perry sails again

Trade war with Japan

IN MID-NOVEMBER OF THIS YEAR, President Carter's Special Representative Robert S. Strauss warned Japanese leaders that relations between the United States and Japan were near a "bursting point." Repeatedly, U.S. officials have told Japan to make what they call "extraordinary" and "drastic" changes in its behavior. *Newsweek* of November 21 reported that a "mood of determination to crack down on Japan has now reached all levels of the Carter administration."

What, exactly, has Japan done? Has it attacked some hapless country in Asia? Has it violated human rights by torturing dissidents? Has it desecrated the American flag in Tokyo? No. What it has done—or rather, what Japanese citizens and business firms have done—is to sell to the rest of the world (and particularly to the United States) considerably more than they have purchased from abroad. This continuing and increasing export surplus is estimated to be $18 billion this year, of which about $8 billion is sold to buyers in the United States. The American government is now leveling its big guns to threaten Japan because the United States wants to eliminate or even reverse that surplus. The United States has demanded that Japan (1) set a definite time by which the surplus will be eliminated; and (2) take certain specific economic policy measures. In the words of one astute observer, the United States is "even going so far as to tell the Japanese how to run their domestic economy."

But what's so terrible about Japan having an export surplus? If a chronic "imbalance" of this sort requires "drastic" action by the government, why shouldn't the United States be required to do something draconian about its own 30-year balance-of-payments deficit, a deficit that is expected to reach a record $30 billion this year?

Actually, the United States doesn't care at all about Japan's overall balance; what upsets it is the big Japanese export surplus with the United States. Yet concern over one's balance of payments with any particular country died out in economic theory—and deservedly so—with the seventeenth century. It's as if New York worried about its balance with Connecticut or New Jersey. And why are no American leaders worried about our export surplus to the Common Market?

If we peel off the various obfuscatory layers of outdated monetary theory, then, we find that the real concern of the United States is very simple: special privilege for different groups of American business. The United States wants to foist American exports on Japan, expanding the markets for our numerous export industries. But in the current situation, it is even more concerned with setting up a protective wall for American industries that face competition from the increasingly more efficient Japanese. At present, Japanese competition is intensifying and spreading into numerous industries: different varieties of steel, shoes, color TV sets, CB radios, motorcycles, automobiles, and other items. The Carter administration has already surrendered to protectionism in several areas; it would prefer that the Japanese take steps to restrict exports via voluntary Japanese quotas, as Japan has already done with shoes, color TVs, and certain steel products. For this would allow the Carter administration to pretend that it is devoted to free trade—a devotion that is traditional with Democratic administrations but has long been more rhetoric than fact.

As we watch the spectacle of Special Representative Strauss, Vice President Mondale, and other high American officials stepping up the pressure on Japan, we should note some of the more amusing aspects of the affair. The United States has been trying to get Japan to buy more American products—and yet it continues to levy a partial embargo on the sale of American lumber to Japan, in an attempt to keep down its price. Meanwhile, as surplus wheat piles up in American silos because of Carter's expanded farm price-support program, the United States has been demanding that the Japanese triple their purchases of American wheat. When the Japanese replied that the higher humidity in Japan would ruin a greatly increased inventory of wheat, the American government magnanimously offered to store the wheat in the United States indefinitely. Perhaps it would be simpler to cut out the ad hoc measures. Maybe the U.S. government should simply submit to Japan a master list of U.S. firms and tell the Japanese how many dollars they should send to each as annual tribute. ❑

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THOMAS SZASZ

Soviet psychiatry: Its supporters in the West

THE CURRENTLY POPULAR protest against Soviet psychiatric abuses is not only a flagrant case of selective indignation; it is, insofar as prominent American psychiatrists and the American Psychiatric Association (APA) are concerned, also a case of crass hypocrisy. Since the late 1960s, many leading American psychiatrists as well as the APA have heaped praise on the Soviet mental health system and on several leading Russian psychiatric criminals. I propose to exhume this body of American (and British) support for Soviet psychiatry and use it, much as a pathologist might use a corpse, to establish the fact that Western psychiatric totalitarians share with their Soviet colleagues the responsibility for Russian psychiatric repressions.

Western awareness of, and concern with, psychiatric abuses in the Soviet Union began in 1965, with the publication in Britain of Valery Tarsis's *Ward 7*, a thinly disguised autobiographical novel setting forth the psychiatric persecution, incarceration, and torture of a writer critical of the Soviet system. The title of Tarsis's book (still probably the best account of Soviet psychiatry that we have) was carefully chosen to alert the reader to the fundamental similarities between Soviet psychiatry as he exposes it and Czarist psychiatry as Anton Chekhov exposed it in 1892 in his story, "Ward No. 6." Nevertheless, the Western press and Western psychiatrists have stubbornly ignored the historical continuity characteristic of institutional psychiatry throughout the world. Tarsis recognized that the real enemy was psychiatric power, wherever it existed and whatever shape it assumed. The result of his book, however, was the unleashing of a journalistic and professional criticism of coercive psychiatry that is, in fact, doubly selective: It is aimed only at Russian psychiatry and ignores the parallel problems and practices in Western countries; and it is aimed only at protecting so-called "sane intellectuals" or "political dissidents" from psychiatric imprisonment and torture, and ignores the predicament of "insane nonintellectuals" or "nonpolitical dissidents" subjected to identical persecutions and punishments. I shall remark on each of these matters presently. Before doing so, however, I want to deliver the exhumed body I promised.

IN THE NOVEMBER 1969 ISSUE OF the *International Journal of Psychiatry*, Mike Gorman, then the celebrated executive director of the National Committee Against Mental Illness, published a report entitled "Soviet Psychiatry and the Russian Citizen." To call Gorman's article adulatory would be an understatement. A single quotation from it should suffice to illustrate his views: "Leaving aside the paramount virtue of a psychiatric system that brings a high quality of care to all those in trouble without any invidious economic distinctions,it is my considered opinion that the tailoring of psychiatric care in all kinds of settings—in the school, in the factory, in the dispensary, in the emergency services, in the home—to the individual needs of each patient is the crowning achievement of Soviet psychiatry."

Gorman's own crowning achievement as a mental health propagandist was, of course, that in listing all the "settings" in which Russian psychiatrists dispense their cures, he managed to omit the two most important ones: the courtroom and the psychiatric concentration camp called "special hospital." In addition, it was no doubt also an achievement, testifying to Gorman's own mental health, that he could sleep at night while deliberately covering up for the crimes of the psychiatric Robespierres and Marats of his beloved Soviet mental health system.

Accompanying Gorman's article was a "critical evaluation" of it by Zigmond Lebensohn, a card-carrying institutional psychiatrist and longtime spokesman for APA policies. "As a Gorman-watcher of many years standing," wrote Lebensohn, "I read his paper and could hardly believe my eyes! Gone were the sharp barbs and telling innuendoes, which have characterized so many of his diatribes on practically all aspects of psychiatry in the United States. Instead, we find him in a mellow and expansive mood, describing Soviet psychiatry in roseate terms with enthusiasm, eulogy, and panegyrics."

In the late 1960s, Gorman was, of course, articulating the then "correct" American psychiatric position on Russian psychiatry. His voice was in perfect harmony with the views of leading American psychiatrists and the APA. For example, in 1968 Dr. Ari Kiev, a recognized expert on Soviet psychiatry, edited and contributed two chapters to a book entitled *Psychiatry in the Communist World*, in which there is not a single reference, however oblique, to the psychiatric incarceration of political dissenters. (Both the Tarsis case and the case of General Grigorenko had at that time already been widely reported in the newspapers.) In 1969, Dr. Kiev published an article in the magazine *Attitude* reviewing Soviet psychiatric theory and practice, again without any reference to psychiatric abuses.

I SHOULD LIKE TO PAUSE HERE IN my presentation of the evidence against American psychiatry's posture vis-à-vis Soviet psychiatry and note that, even before 1970, the American mental-health establishment's hypocrisy on this subject was glaringly obvious. When American newspapermen then looked at Soviet psychiatry, they saw its horrors clearly and reported them honestly. In December 1969, for example, *Time* magazine ran a piece entitled "Dissent = Insanity," reporting on General Grigorenko's psychiatric persecution. On February 2, 1970, *Parade* magazine published a long essay by Lloyd Shearer denouncing Soviet psychiatric atrocities. However, when American psychiatrists and mental health experts looked at the same scene, all they saw was a Russian psychiatric paradise, which Americans could not emulate fast enough.

That the Soviet Union is a police state is too simple for observers of the political and psychiatric scene to admit.

To appreciate fully the APA's support of Soviet psychiatric practices, it is necessary now to name two of the leading Soviet psychiatrists responsible for them. The highest-ranking, best-known, and most influential psychiatrist in the Soviet Union is Professor Andrei V. Snezhnevsky, director of the Institute of Psychiatry of the Academy of Medical Sciences. All Russian critics of Soviet psychiatry identify Snezhnevsky as the person most responsible for the psychiatric persecution of dissidents. In 1970, at the annual meeting of the APA held in San Francisco, the association honored Snezhnevsky by naming him a "distin-

THOMAS SZASZ, professor of psychiatry at the Upstate Medical Center, Syracuse, New York, is the author of Psychiatric Slavery *and* The Theology of Medicine.

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guished fellow" for his "outstanding contribution to psychiatry and related sciences." Also named as a "distinguished fellow" was Dr. Boris Lebedev, the director of the World Health Organization's project on "Psychiatric Diagnosis, Classification, and Statistics," who has also been identified as a leading figure in the psychiatric disposition of dissidents.

Viewed against this background, it is not surprising that something less than resounding success has met the efforts of some groups to secure the condemnation of Soviet psychiatric abuses by official Western psychiatric bodies. One of the earliest such attempts was a January 1971 report by a committee of the Canadian Psychiatric Association, which condemned "the alleged wrongful detention in mental hospitals in the USSR of seemingly healthy individuals whose views and attitudes are in conflict with those of the regime." That report became the nucleus of a more broadly based effort to pass a resolution at the fifth congress of the World Psychiatric Association (WPA), meeting in Mexico City in November 1971. The attempt was foiled by the Russian and pro-Russian forces in the WPA, led by its secretary-general, the British psychiatrist Dr. Denis Leigh, whose concluding report declared: "Nowhere in the statutes is there any mention of the WPA making itself responsible for the ethical aspects of psychiatry."

DR. LEIGH DID NOT HAVE LONG to wait for his reward for that intervention. The following year, both Dr. Leigh and Professor Linford Rees, the treasurer of the WPA, were made honorary members of the All-Union Society of Neurologists and Psychiatrists. According to Sidney Bloch and Peter Reddaway (about whose book *Psychiatric Terror* more later), Leigh at that time asserted "that in his opinion the campaign against Soviet abuse was a sophisticated and expensively organized operation, with CIA participation; that he doubted the authenticity of the evidence; and that [Vladimir] Bukovsky [one of the psychiatrically incarcerated dissidents] was indeed a schizophrenic, or at any rate had a history of the condition." Professor Snezhnevsky concurred: "It [the attempt to condemn alleged Soviet psychiatric abuses] is a 'cold war' maneuver carried out by expert hands."

In 1973, in an interview in the *Observer*, Leigh explained his position in this way: "We [the WPA] are not concerned with political matters. . . . Schizophrenia is the most important topic in psychiatry. It's the scourge of the world. The Russians have about 200 people researching on it and they have a good chance of solving it. That's all there is to it."

Sean MacBride, chairman of Amnesty International at the time, supported Leigh and the Russians, declaring: "I think there has been a good deal of exaggeration in the foreign press reports in regard to the extent, if any, to which psychiatric hospitals are being used in dealing with political prisoners."

During the years since then, the popular as well as the psychiatric press have continued their campaign of selective indignation and protest. Typically, articles in the popular press would condemn Soviet emigration policies preventing Russian Jews from leaving the country; the writers of such articles must believe that it is quite proper for the Soviet government to prevent Russian Christians from leaving their country. Similarly, articles in both the popular press and in psychiatric journals would condemn Soviet mental health policies preventing Russian dissidents from leaving mental hospitals; the writers of such articles must likewise believe that it is quite proper for the Soviet government to prevent Russian nondissidents from leaving mental hospitals. That the Soviet Union is a police state—that it is, as it were, one big prison, concentration camp, or mental hospital—is a fact at once too simple, obvious, and unpalatable for many observers of the contemporary political and psychiatric scene to admit.

At long last, on September 1, 1977, Western psychiatry won a Pyrrhic victory over Soviet psychiatry. At the sixth congress of the WPA, meeting in Honolulu, the British Royal College of Psychiatrists introduced a resolution condemning "the systematic abuse of psychiatry for political purposes in the USSR." The General Assembly of the WPA passed that resolution by a vote of 90 to 88.

*IN AUGUST 1977, I WAS ON A LEC*ture tour in Australia. Anticipating just such an outcome in the tragi-comic struggle between the forces of psychiatric good and evil, I repeatedly called attention to the basic similarities between institutional psychiatry on both sides of the Iron Curtain. After the resounding victory of the forces of good over evil in Honolulu, Frank Knöpfelmacher, professor of psychology at Melbourne University, offered the following comments on the crucial similarities, and differences, between the political-psychiatric situation in Russia and America:

> In a strict sense there is not much difference between Soviet and American psychiatry in terms of moral rectitude and intellectual probity, as Szasz was fully justified in pointing out. As professions, they are both much of a muchness. This may very well be the reason why the Western psychiatric profession showed its now notorious reluctance to condemn Soviet psychiatry, and why they had to be shamed from without, sometimes by the most elaborate methods, to "protest." The difference between our own and Soviet uses of psychiatry lies elsewhere.
>
> It is a very complex difference but its gist can be indicated thus. Unlike General Grigorenko and the psychiatrist Gluzman, who revealed the uses of Soviet psychiatry, Senator Goldwater and Thomas Szasz are not in concentration camps. And they certainly do not depend for their physical survival on pleas and protests from the psychiatrists of the Serbsky Institute [one of the notorious Soviet "special hospitals"].

However obvious they might be, certain elementary facts about Soviet society must be stated and restated, lest one succumb to the temptation to engage in the debate between Soviet psychiatrists and their Western critics on their own false terms. Russia is a closed society: One cannot leave it at will. In Russia, the state is the psychiatrist's only employer: Soviet psychiatrists work for the state—or get out (if they can), or get locked up (as insane). In Russia, rejecting the moral and political principles of Marxism and Communism is regarded as a characteristic symptom of schizophrenia; the Russian psychiatrist may be quite "sincere" in believing that dissidents are demented.

It is clear, then, that from a libertarian viewpoint the line between the Soviet uses and abuses of psychiatry is an invisible one. *All* of Soviet psychiatry is an instrument of the political power of the Soviet state, just as *most* of our psychiatry is an instrument of the political power of the American state. Wrenching analyses of psychiatric practices out of their historical, economic, and political contexts is an exercise not only in futility but also in foolishness. Precisely such an exercise is *Psychiatric Terror*, by Sidney Bloch and Peter Reddaway, which I shall review in my next column.

Forthcoming in

INQUIRY

- *Victor Marchetti reviews Frank Snepp's* Decent Interval
- *Earl C. Ravenal on Carter's human rights policy*

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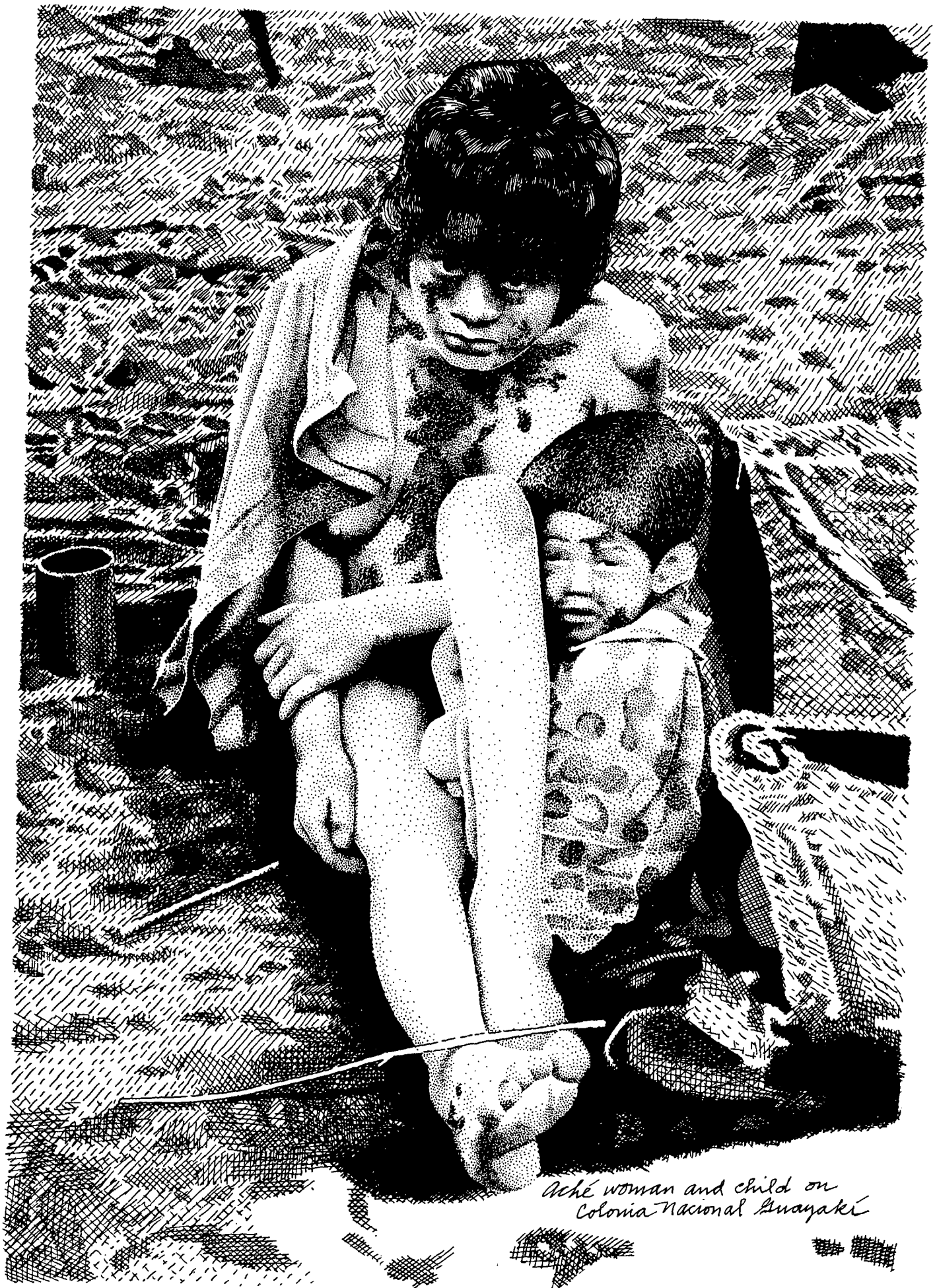

Aché woman and child on Colonia Nacional Guayaki

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An Eyewitness Report:

DEATH CAMPS IN PARAGUAY

By Richard Arens

THE ACHÉ INDIANS OF PARAGUAY, a peaceful and primitive tribe that has lived for centuries in the jungles of South America, hunting and gathering food, is being systematically exterminated. As a matter of official policy, the Aché have been hunted like animals; the survivors of these manhunts have been sold into slavery or forced onto reservations. Today, their tribe numbers no more than 1000, and as a result of the continuing genocidal policies of the government of Paraguay, is in danger of extinction.

What have the Aché done to deserve this fate? In recent years Paraguay has experienced something of an economic boom. In 1965 and again in 1968, roads were cut through the jungle, making it more accessible and vastly increasing land values. Large lumber and cattle interests began moving into the interior of Paraguay. When this happened, as one observer has noted, the Aché became "inconvenient." Quite simply, they became an obstacle to economic development. And, as the corporations and their willing accomplice, the government of Paraguay, saw it, the Indians had to be removed.

The official policy was to "sedentarize" the Aché on reservations. Unofficially, the Paraguayan government set about to remove the Indians from their land by any means necessary. It is well documented that the man in charge of the "sedentarization" project, Manuel de Jesús Pereira, conducted manhunts against the Aché. Bands of Aché were slaughtered by rifle and machete, and the survivors were sent to reservations. Conditions on these reservations have been described as comparable to those in Nazi concentration camps.

RICHARD ARENS teaches at the Temple University Law School in Philadelphia. Survival International, the organization that sponsored the trip to Paraguay on which this article is based, is located at 36 Craven Street, London SC2, England. WARD SCHUMAKER's illustrations were drawn from photographs in Mr. Arens's book, Genocide in Paraguay, *and from others supplied by the author.*

These basic facts were first brought to the world's attention in 1973 by the German anthropologist Mark Münzel in a publication of the International Work Group for Indigenous Affairs (IWGIA), an organization based in Copenhagen. The International Commission of Jurists and the Anti-Slavery Society of Great Britain found his report persuasive, and the International League for the Rights of Man, as well as the Roman Catholic Church of Paraguay, denounced what they labeled as a campaign of genocide against the Aché Indians. Still, the atrocities continued, and the Paraguayan government continued to deny their existence.

In 1976, Temple University Press published, under my editorship, *Genocide in Paraguay*, in which the Paraguayan government was charged with complicity in the extermination of its Aché Indians. The genocidal practices perpetrated against the Aché included, but were not limited to, the following:

- Aché were subjected to manhunts in which they were pursued like animals. Many were killed outright. The survivors were taken to reservations.
- Many of the Aché on the reservations were sold as slaves—the men as manual laborers, the women as prostitutes, and the children as domestic servants. Others were simply left to die. Reservation officials would induce periodic waves of starvation in which both food and medicine would be withheld.
- Indians on the reservation were denied the right to speak their language, sing their songs, practice their religious rites, and give their children Aché names. The purpose—and result—of these prohibitions was to create a feeling of helplessness and despair among the Aché and to destroy their cultural identity.

Genocide in Paraguay succeeded in attracting additional attention, including some expressions of concern by congressmen, to the plight of the Aché. Not long after its publication, the director of Indian affairs of the Paraguayan

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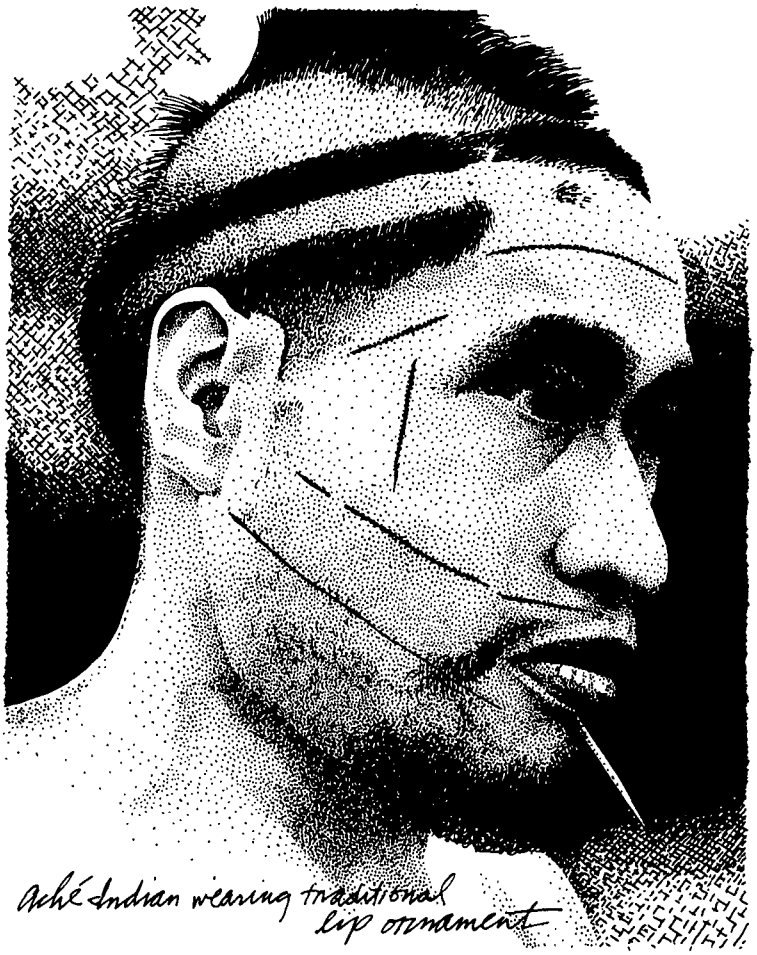

Aché Indian wearing traditional lip ornament

Ministry of Defense invited me to come to Paraguay, so that I could be convinced, he said, on the basis of firsthand observation that the life of the Aché—and of other Paraguayan Indian tribes, as well—was not as bad as had been described in the book. The U.S. ambassador to Paraguay, George Landau, also telephoned my office several times to persuade me that my going to Paraguay would serve a useful purpose and that, if I went, my safety would be guaranteed.

This was, in fact, no small concern. About the time *Genocide in Paraguay* was published, the Paraguayan government arrested the staff members of a project called *Marandu*, which had sought to provide the forest Indians with food and medical assistance and to inform them of their rights under Paraguayan and international law. The members of the Marandu project were drugged, beaten, submerged in excrement to the point of near drowning, and the women were subjected to grotesque forms of sexual abuse. In 1976, the Paraguayan government deported six Roman Catholic priests who had denounced the genocide of the Aché; it also arrested and tortured a seminarian. Six Protestant missionaries doing Indian relief work were arrested.

However, the representatives of both the Paraguayan and U.S. governments persisted, charging that by not accepting the invitation to go to Paraguay I would be acting perversely. They declared that as editor of *Genocide in Paraguay*, I bore a special responsibility at least to see for myself that the book was based on false information. Not to do so, they said, would prove that I was unwilling to test the argument of the book against the facts.

It appeared as if I had to go.

FUNDED BY SURVIVAL INTERNATIONAL of Great Britain, I left for Paraguay on August 17, 1977, and arrived in Asunción on August 18, 1977. I was met by Colonel Alberto Samaniego, the director of Indian affairs; a civilian member of the Asociación de Parcialidades Indigenes (API), the successor to the defunct Marandu; and the third secretary of the U.S. embassy.

My arrival had been presaged by the arrest and detention (as usual without charges) of Oscar Rodriguez, a member of the API staff. The U.S. embassy seemed confident on the day of my arrival that his release was imminent, but as this article went to press, he was still a prisoner.

At 7:00 sharp the next morning, General Marcial Samaniego, the minister of defense, received me in the presence of a retinue of aides. There was much heel-clicking and I was photographed alongside a smiling minister. He assured me that a German anthropologist, whom he accused with some virulence of misconduct involving Indians, had concocted the lies about Indian suffering, and that now that I could see for myself, I should easily be able to tell fact from fiction. The fact was, and he put his right hand over his heart (above a most impressive paunch) in a gesture suggestive of the taking of an oath, that "we love our Indians." He added immediately thereafter that it was the policy of Paraguay "to integrate them into our society"—an expression I had come to understand as meaning that the Indians had to be driven out of the forests and rendered sedentary. As has often been noted, the "sedentarization" of a free hunting community, without decades of careful material and psychological preparation, inflicts suffering

The jungle changed from lush and wooded terrain to a lunar landscape marked by grotesquely charred tree stumps: mute relics of the deforestation program that had dispossessed the Aché nation in this area.

and, ultimately, death upon those rendered "sedentary." When I tried to raise this point, the minister shook my hand as though I had just expressed a sentiment of appreciation. A question about the imprisoned API staff member was left similarly unanswered. The minister assured me of the willingness of the Paraguayan government to let me see *everything*. I was *not* told that a northern part of the Chaco region in western Paraguay was barred to all unauthorized visitors, which included me. (I never *was* permitted into that area.) I was informed that I would be accompanied by a Ministry of Defense official who would serve as my interpreter wherever I went to meet Indians. After several days of surveillance, the young man attached to me from that moment on admitted, over a drink, that he was a member of the Intelligence Service of the Paraguayan Army and was reporting on me at required intervals.

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The interior of the hovels in which the Indians lived were devoid of bedding but contained charred logs and rusty eating utensils. Elderly men and women, some near death, could be seen squatting or lying in the debris.

NOT UNTIL AFTER AN OFFICER OF the Ministry of Defense had telephoned the Colonia Nacional Guayakí on August 18 about an impending visit, was I finally permitted to proceed to the Colonia on August 20, 1977. This was the major reservation for Aché Indians, located in the eastern part of Paraguay, which Mark Münzel and others had described as a death camp. It took approximately five hours to reach it by embassy limousine, starting on moderately well paved highways and continuing upon dirt tracks and rocky and untended mountain trails.

The reservation was in a secluded area of the jungle, much of which showed evidences of ravages by the white man. Approximately 30 miles before reaching the reservation, the jungle changed from lush and wooded terrain to a lunar landscape, marked by ghostly emptiness save for grotesquely charred protruding tree stumps, mute relics of the Paraguayan deforestation program that had dispossessed the Aché nation in this area. Neatly constructed houses for officials of the New Tribes Mission, which is in charge of the reservation, contrasted sharply with dilapidated hovels available for the Achés at a not insignificant distance from the missionaries.

The hovels reserved for the Indians consisted of a makeshift collection of logs haphazardly attached to the ground and maintaining a precarious balance as they swayed in the Paraguayan winter wind. Gaps left between the logs were often wide enough to admit a child or even an adult, to say nothing of the elements. Canvas and paper and odd pieces of aluminum would occasionally be used to plug such openings. Logs of comparable quality were used for the creation of a roof. Here, too, the logs were in no way suited to keep out the elements—although they might be reinforced by canvas, cardboard, or aluminum sheeting.

A glance at the interior of the hovels revealed an absence of any bedding materials, with the occasional exception of a piece of wood; in only one instance was the wooden slab raised from floor level. The hovels were strewn with offal, an occasional log for making a fire, rusty food utensils, and scraps of newspapers handed to the Indians by the missionaries as cover against the winter cold. No sanitary facilities were visible save for the outhouses of the administration.

An unmistakable odor of human excrement lingered over

Aché woman preparing food by cesspool

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Dying man at Colonia Nacional Guayaki

the Indian part of the reservation.

The Indian population we encountered consisted predominantly of elderly women and young children. A few elderly men were observed. There was a striking absence of young adult males.

Indian adults were squatting in positions of abject depression. No man or boy was seen wearing the traditional lip ornament known as the *beta*. All evidence of Indianness had been vigorously suppressed. Children disclaimed all knowledge of the Aché language. Indian women responded to inquiries about their native songs by saying that they had not sung them for a long time. When asked why, the women said they were weak and lacked energy. An Indian maintaining a conversation with me through an interpreter in a standing position would sit or lie down on the ground in what seemed total apathy or fatigue within minutes of the conversation. Yet the conversation was not cut off. It seemed that he lacked energy to stand for any protracted period of time.

THE MISSIONARIES PROUDLY announced that all Indians were Christians. I asked for the name of a four-year-old Indian boy, and one of the missionaries' wives replied, "It is Felipe, a civilized name." When I asked the boy what name he preferred, he unhesitatingly gave his Indian name.

Aché Indians lack a sense of time as it is understood in the industrialized West. But they knew that they had been in the Colonia Nacional Guayakí for what could pass for a lifetime. When asked who had brought them there, almost all of them said, "Pereira"—Manuel de Jesús Pereira, the first administrator of the reservation—and with a frenzy born of a recollection long stifled, began displaying the scars left on the bodies of those who had survived the machetes wielded by Manuel de Jesús Pereira and his manhunters. And they remembered those who had been struck down, never to rise again. But then the frenzy died as suddenly as it had started, and men and women, prematurely old, sank back against the ground, as if in anticipation of final interment. Psychological death stared us in the face.

The appearance of the children, who at times appeared to play fitfully as though they lacked energy for more demanding games, was marked at first glance by excessive fat. A closer look revealed unevenly distributed fat deposits, an unhealthy chubbiness, in point of fact an appearance of bloating highlighted by distended abdomens, sometimes to the point of angularity. There was, moreover, not a child who did not suffer from festering sores, lesions, and blotches, covering arms, legs, and scalp, which was often completely denuded of hair. All the children were coughing and had runny noses. Both the diet (the staple on this reservation is the sweet potato) and the physical appearance of the Indians—above all, the appearance of the Indian children—were consistent with the protein-deficiency disease known as kwashiorkor.

Outside one of the huts, seated near his mother, was an Indian boy, barely 18 years old. Though no sound passed his lips, tears were streaming down his cheeks as he looked into space, clearly avoiding eye contact with any person. The mother approached the interpreter of the API and explained that he had been like this for at least six weeks.

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She showed us a half-empty aspirin bottle that the missionaries had given her for his use. When I turned to the missionaries for an explanation, I was told that the boy was merely trying to attract my attention. While this explanation was being offered, the boy went into convulsions on the ground, and one of the women in the missionary group said: "Oh, just look at him. Isn't he a marvelous actor?" I replied that I did not think this was a matter of acting and that while I could not speak for the embassy, I could assure the reservation official that the fate of the boy would be watched with keen and sympathetic interest by such international human rights organizations as Survival International and the International League for Human Rights. The immediate response was surly, but the warning at least produced some action. We were permitted to take the boy in the embassy limousine to a doctor living some 50 miles up a rocky jungle path, though not to a hospital, because that would cost money. We were told, however, that if the doctor recommended it, hospitalization might then be considered.

Upon arriving at the doctor's office after a bumpy three-hour ride, the Indian boy, Santiago Duarte, was pronounced gravely ill and in need of instant hospital attention. At the end of another three-hour ride in the embassy limousine, the boy was received in an Asunción hospital in a semiconscious state. Within days, the biopsy that was performed revealed a widely metastasized malignancy. Doctors familiar with the case said that the boy's condition had been ignored by the reservation officials for at least 18 months and that the prognosis was grave. Within days of this development, representatives of the New Tribes Mission had removed the boy from the hospital, claiming that the boy was unhappy there and that the cost of hospitalization was prohibitive. Their claim was without foundation, as they could not converse with Santiago in his Aché dialect. I had promised to hold myself personally responsible for the cost of the first few days of hospitalization, and API had assumed full responsibility for his treatment. I immediately informed Colonel Samaniego of the boy's removal from the hospital and urged him to take the necessary steps to see that treatment was in fact made available. Samaniego ordered the boy brought to a military hospital from which removal by the New Tribes Mission would be barred. Within days, the New Tribes Mission filed a letter of complaint against me with the U.S. embassy.

I *VISITED THE FATHER LIVIO FARINA* Mission of Puerto Casado on August 22, 1977. The mission is located near a tannin factory, which is the industrial mainstay of this part of the Chaco. It houses some 700 Indian residents, drawn on for unskilled labor for the factory. Approximately 800 more Indians, occasionally attracted by the factory, bivouac in the neighborhood within a radius of 30 miles. They include the Angarte, Sanapana, Guana, Lengua, Toba, and Guarayos.

Upon entering the mission proper, one was immediately struck with the same stench of excrement noted in the Colonia Nacional. Here, however, it appeared more pervasive. The mission's Indian settlement was conspicuously divided by a fence segregating "Christians" from "pagans." While the hovels in which Indians lived were essentially indistinguishable on both sides of the fence, the "Christian" area did have a sheltered outhouse, while the "pagan" area lacked all sanitary facilities. The ramshackle housing, incapable of offering shelter against the elements, was again the dominant characteristic of Indian living. The interiors of the hovels in which Indians lived were, like those of the Colonia Nacional, devoid of bedding but contained charred logs and rusty eating utensils. Elderly men and women, some near death, could be seen squatting or lying in the debris. I asked a woman whose eye had been gouged out how she had sustained the injury. She shrugged and said it was an accident. When I asked whether she had asked for medical attention, she gestured with contempt and said that she did not have the money and medical attention had to be paid for. Another woman, clearlyin pain and lying on the ground of a hovel, was asked why she had not requested medical attention. She replied that it was not made available.

The adult males in this mission made their living as unskilled laborers, working a 12-hour day in the tannin factory. Looking clearly emaciated and resigned, they could be seen struggling with bags of produce on their backs.

When believed to be unobserved, an Indian would occasionally display his back to a visitor to reveal the abrasions and sores caused by the weights that he carried, day in and day out in the factory. Festering wounds were shown to have been left unattended.

We found no edible food but discovered foul-smelling animal skins, apparently intended for Indian consumption. The physical appearance of the adults tended toward the emaciated.

Factory wages for Indians were not easily ascertained, although it was clear from the general level of undernourishment that they were below any reasonable subsistence level. Occasionally, "wages" would be disbursed in rotgut whiskey. Numerous Indians could be seen lying drunk or comatose upon the ground. One Indian, his eyes glazed with alcohol, wandered past our group. His gait was steady and his speech only slightly slurred. He said he was happy. The alcohol had wiped out all recollection of his suffering and yet he could still enjoy the sun and the trees. Within minutes he had collapsed upon the ground.

During our stay at Puerto Casado, an Indian died within a few feet of me. When I asked if an autopsy would be conducted to determine the cause of his death, I was told that Indians did not rate autopsies. Besides, said the officials, the multitude of Indian deaths at work would render normal autopsy procedures financially and practically prohibitive.

The political and religious purity of the Indians was policed by nuns. They followed me to overhear each conversation I had with an Indian, "Christian" or "pagan." Asked whether the Church looked after such matters as Indian health, one nun replied that most Indians could not pay for it but that "serious" emergencies would be handled without cost to the patient. The impression that I gleaned

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was that the nuns were the liaison officers between the priest, the industry, and the police.

The reservation was supervised by a priest of the Saliciano Order. He addressed several of his parishioners in my presence with such remarks as "Hello, you old liar," or "Buster, you're due for another warning from me." It was widely claimed that he had reported as Communists parishioners who appeared to be troublemakers at the plant. What appeared beyond dispute was that this mission—acting in defiance of habitual Catholic church policy in Paraguay—had prohibited Indian songs and dances and did not tolerate the open practice of Indian religious rites, even for the "pagans" segregated behind their ghetto fence.

I told the priest that I was shocked by the sanitary and health conditions of his mission—on both sides of the fence—and appalled by the practice of dispensing medicine, even for snakebite, on what seemed a cash-and-carry basis. The priest said that life was hard and medicine high and that we had to be patient. In the only outburst of anger I permitted myself in Paraguay, I replied that life was sacred and that patience with life-destroying conditions was intolerable. The priest nodded and said that it was all very sad. He seemed stooped and older than his years; some of the residents of his mission said that he was sick, and some that he drank to excess. He walked with difficulty toward his quarters, apparently resigned to realities beyond his strength.

A cesspool was located in the heart of the reservation on the "pagan" side. It was flanked by four hovels constructed in part of aluminum and timber, and with scraps of cardboard, newspapers, and rags stuffed into the more prominent gaps. A photograph in my possession displays this particular scene with the further addition of a gnarled woman attempting to prepare some edibles outdoors. She is sitting outside her hovel, flanked by a tree and a number of branches, which have fallen into the cesspool. A vulture perched on one such branch is facing the woman, the hovel, and its inhabitants.

ON AUGUST 26 WE ARRIVED BY MILItary plane at Faro Moro in the Chaco. We taxied down a makeshift airfield located in what at first glance looked like a wild expanse of wilderness. Almost immediately upon arrival, our military aircraft was surrounded by approximately 100 Indians. They were Moros or Ayoreos. It seemed that more than the novelty of a flying machine in a primitive wilderness had attracted them, for they stroked it and clung to it until they finally turned compulsively to every one of the strangers who emerged. Each Indian had something to tell. I was unable to make immediate verbal contact with an Indian as I was temporarily separated from the Moro interpreter whom we had brought with us from the nearby settlement of Filadelfia.

In the interim, I found myself talking to the mission administrator—this was yet another reservation under the jurisdiction of the New Tribes Mission. The mission administrator informed me that he had about 200 Moro Indians on his premises, that he regarded their food as adequate, and that he saw no health problems among his flock, 90 percent of whom he regarded as Christians. When asked whether the Indians were given freedom of religion and cultural expression, he replied in the affirmative, adding however, "but we forbid immoral and wicked chants."

Everywhere I looked, I found the overcrowded makeshift hovels, wide open to the elements and cluttered with charred wood and offal, yes, and an occasional snake. Nowhere I looked were there sanitary facilities for Indians, and the place reeked of excrement with a pungency which exceeded even that of the Father Livio Farina Mission.

Again, there seemed a strange absence of young adult males. Fewer than a handful could be seen.

Upon returning to our Moro interpreter, I was in direct and friendly contact with the Indians for the rest of our stay, and their story was the worst of all we had heard.

They had, so they said, insufficient and inedible food, no doctor and no medicines. They were faced, they continued, with a never ending and demeaning interference with their folkways. An Indian informed us that one Indian had died the day before our arrival; another, a few weeks before. Both were described as having lingered for weeks without medical attention. As I looked about one of the Indian hovels, I noted a mound of recently shoveled earth. I was told that this was a grave of a man buried within the last few weeks. Were there more than I had been told about? The Moro interpreter communicated my question and waited. I was met with silence as an unspoken fear transmitted itself to all present—the figure of the reservation administrator, absent at the start of the interview, now loomed over the assembled Indians and their interviewers. One thing, however, was clear: Since the Indians traditionally buried their dead in the jungle, the graves suggested either a total psychological and cultural disorganization on the part of the Indians, or else a refusal by the New Tribes Mission administration to permit Indians to bury their dead according to their rites.

They had insufficient and inedible food, no doctor and no medicines. One Indian had died the day before; another, a few weeks before. Both had lingered for weeks without medical attention.

As I mingled with more and more of the Indians, I found myself engulfed by the collective gloom of a people who had given up on life. The administrator asked me how the Indians impressed me. I replied: "They are terribly depressed." "Repressed?" asked the administrator in a note of indignation. "No, depressed," I replied—and the administrator shrugged as if at something inconsequential. Yet, the people collectively bore the demeanor of a group of mourners at a funeral—and this is understatement, since the expression of mourning appeared mingled with despair.

I was about to enter another Indian hovel, but was stopped by an Indian woman, Kai Che Ke. She flung herself at me with a face contorted with grief, but without tears. She reported that four of her children had recently died on the reservation without medical attention. As I entered the hut, I encountered a Moro Indian, approxi-

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mately 20 years old, struggling to support himself in a sitting position which, in the custom of his tribe, is the ceremonial position anticipatory of death. The mission administrator, who had previously told me that there was no health problem, stepped inside and said that this Indian was a terminal tuberculosis case, and that there was nothing that could be done for him. Several seriously emaciated Indian children hovered in the background. The immediate family of the dying Indian, whose name was Epajai (although the whites, against his wishes, called him Roberto), showed me a bottle of aspirin, the medication he was given for his illness. He was visibly convulsed by stomach spasms and coughs, and told me, through the interpreter, that he was no longer able to stand upright.

I asked the reservation administrator why Epajai could not be taken in our plane to a hospital. The administrator replied that he could not afford it. When told that he would not be responsible for the expenses, he replied that the Indian would be unhappy away from his family. "Nothing can be done for him, in any event," he concluded. The administrator then promptly contradicted himself by saying that the Indian had been working the fields only a few days ago—and then added, hastily, that he had been doing only light labor. Once again, he turned down a request to permit the Indian to be taken to a hospital. On leaving the hovel, we were surrounded by another group of Moro Indians. Once again, the striking fact was the absence of any normal proportion of adult males. Many cried and said that now that we were about to depart, they would soon die. A Moro woman, perhaps 50 years old but much older in appearance, took my arm and said she did not want to live. I held her hand and made the usual superficial remark about hope. She recoiled but replied without bitterness, "My husband died only a little while ago and so did the rest of my family. I want to follow them."

We had spent approximately two hours on this reservation. As we proceeded to the aircraft, we inspected some of the primitive cooking utensils utilized by the Indians. We found no food we would have regarded as edible, but we discovered foul-smelling animal skins, apparently intended for Indian consumption. The physical appearance of the adults tended toward the emaciated. Children varied—some showing the conventional signs of malnutrition, others the bloated appearance described at the Colonia Nacional.

As we entered the plane, Indians tried to delay our departure, as if life itself depended on our continued presence. Some of them held on to the plane as though to keep it in place. For a minute or two all of us, and particularly the pilot, sat immobile in response to their plea. Then as if accepting the verdict against them, the men and women who had surrounded the plane stepped aside. The pilot started the engine. The plane took off and the unhappy Moro Indians dissolved into the distance.

AT 7:00 A.M. ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1977, I kept an appointment made for me by the U.S. embassy with Paraguayan Minister of Defense Marcial Samaniego. I was received by a number of uniformed aides and then left with the minister and the member of the Paraguayan Intelligence Service (my security escort) as the only interpreter. For almost two hours, I was forced to listen to a monologue maintained by the minister between sips of tea, which was handed to us in porcelain cups refilled with almost embarrassing regularity.

The tone of the monologue was an extraordinarily friendly one. Paraguay was the best friend that America had in the hemisphere. It tolerated no iron curtain embassies or missions and was a haven for American investment, which was not subject to the fluctuations of less carefully regulated markets like North America.

The minister moved his chair toward mine conspiratorially as he explained to me how I, or any American national, could make a modest investment multiply with almost lightning rapidity in Paraguay under proper guidance.

I barely had a chance to raise a question or two about the plight of the Indians, to which the minister replied that the situation was much worse in Brazil. At this point, heel-clicking men in uniform entered the room, headed by Air Force General Ranalfo Gonzalez. My interview with the minister was over.

The Indians displayed the scars that had been inflicted on them with machetes, and they spoke of those who had never risen after a manhunt and of those who had been taken far, far away.

A new stage of the proceedings was about to begin; I was escorted into another conference room adjoining the minister's, for yet another exposure to Paraguayan governmental procedure. The meeting was chaired by General Ranalfo Gonzalez.

A group of approximately eight people in civilian clothes had marched into the room from one of the other doors and had seated themselves at the conference table. They were led by General Bejarano, the president of the Asociación Indigenista del Paraguay, the official government-sponsored group for Indian welfare. Yet another group of approximately six uniformed men had accompanied General Gonzalez alongside the director of Indian affairs, Colonel Alberto Samaniego, who was silent from beginning to end, and almost worshipful in the anxious glances that he cast toward his superior. There could be no doubt who was in charge of both the conference and the ultimate disposition of Indian affairs—Air Force General Ranalfo Gonzalez, one of whose more colorful "campaign" ribbons signified three years service as Paraguayan air attaché in the political campaigns of the Washington cocktail party circuit.

General Gonzalez, who had once told a senior official of the Inter-American Foundation who had come to see him from Washington to intercede for a political prisoner, "I don't recognize you as an American. You are just a Chicano," adopted an identical tone with me. His suggestion, by no means veiled, was that I go back where I came from, Eastern Europe, where the matter of human rights violations was more like to be usefully explored than in Paraguay. This was followed by a crude attempt at testing my political purity when he inquired about my opinion of Solzhenitsyn and the

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failure of the White House to receive him. Hoping to salvage what I could from this conversation, I replied that Solzhenitsyn was one of the world's great writers, and that the general would appreciate that I had not been consulted as to whether he should be received by the White House, but that Secretary Kissinger doubtlessly had. "Kissinger," continued the general, "is not an American either. He is a Jew and a German." As for me, resumed the general, and his tone was now coldly prosecutorial, I was patently guilty of libeling his country and his government. The only reason that he could conceive for the lies I had peddled in *Genocide in Paraguay* was the desire to undermine the only stable anti-Communist government in South America, and only one conclusion could be drawn from that: I was a Communist.

Since the API had begged me to make every effort I could to plead for an Indian land grant, I found myself, however reluctantly, striking a conciliatory note. I told them that the picture I had seen of Indian life on my brief trip in Paraguay was not as bad as had been anticipated, although it would be a serious distortion for me not to point out that wherever I went I had found Indians suffering and dying. No, I had not seen any Indian manhunts—surely an improvement attributable to Paraguayan government policy—but I had seen repeated evidence of Indian slavery. The response to this statement was morose silence, followed by ad hominem attacks by generals and their aides, shifting from the contributors to the book to me.

General Gonzalez's assessment of me as at least a crypto-Communist was swiftly supported by General Bejarano. Pounding the table with his fist for emphasis, he shouted that the claim that there was genocide in Paraguay was "a lie, a Communist lie, a diabolical lie." His colleagues in civilian clothes and military uniforms nodded and looked appropriately outraged. I had, moreover, continued General Bejarano, pointing to me, avoided every opportunity of meeting with him, notwithstanding the repeated requests that he had made to the U.S. embassy. He had been prepared from the start to explain to me the inferiority and savagery of the Indian. A recent example was an attack staged by an 11-year-old Indian savage on a white woman for whom the Indian boy had worked in Asunción.

"I will at this stage," declared the general, "proceed with you to the headquarters of my organization, where you will be left in no doubt as to existing realities." General Bejarano rose at this point, accompanied by his cohort of civilian flunkies and assorted military aides. I remained seated and replied that I was going nowhere except to the U.S. embassy, where I was shortly expected, and then to the airport, at which I was to catch my flight back to the United States in the afternoon. "You have said," responded General Bejarano, "that Paraguayans are assassins." "No," I said, "I regard Paraguayans as some of the most charming people I have met." General Gonzalez spoke up: "Your apology comes too late. You, as a guest of the Paraguayan government, have soiled its honor." I replied that a Paraguayan government policy of concern for its Indian population could be readily expressed by terminating the slave trade. I reported specifically having met four Indians who had been slaves less than two weeks before I met them, and added: "Where was the prosecution of the slave traders?" But there was not even a ripple of interest in this theme, let alone a taking of notes, as I offered to provide the names of the slave traders to the military and civilian gentlemen determined to uphold their honor.

As I rose to leave, I was not sure that I would be leaving under my own power or with the help of an armed escort directing me to the Departamento de Investigaciones. But to my surprise there were perfunctory handshakes. I was told, in stern military tones, to inform the American public that the Paraguayan government loved its Indians and that was why it would persist in resettling them, and, further, that my report would be expected in Paraguay without fail and would be studied with care.

If the purpose of my trip to Paraguay was to persuade me that conditions of Indian life had improved under a Paraguayan government spurred, for whatever reasons, to a policy of greater benevolence toward Indians, it was not a success.

My view of Indian life in Paraguay was, in fact, significantly more pessimistic after I had come and seen for myself, and the fact that I was on a strictly conducted tour—with large areas of Paraguay barred to me—did not help.

Let me deal with my findings on the trip in the order of their seriousness.

THE BOOK HAD RECOUNTED THE subjection of the Aché to manhunts. Did I see manhunts?

No. I did, however, see survivors of the manhunts, carried out, among others, by the notorious manhunter, murderer, and slave trader, Manuel de Jesús Pereira. The survivors I saw were kept at the Colonia

As a matter of official policy, the Aché have been hunted like animals; the survivors have been sold into slavery or forced onto reservations. Today, their tribe is in danger of extinction.

Nacional Guayakí. As previously described, they gave full and gory accounts of their capture and transportation by Pereira. They displayed the scars that had been inflicted upon them with machetes, and they spoke of those who had never risen after a manhunt and of those who had been taken far, far away on the trucks of the white man. These eyewitnesses have not been interviewed by Paraguayan officials with a view to securing their testimony in a court of law. They have been left to rot. So has their testimony. Eyewitnesses who made a concerted attempt to put the evidence of the massacres, and the identity of the perpetrators, before the Paraguayan authorities have been threatened with their lives. Some have been literally intimidated from going anywhere near the U.S. embassy to prevent such information from being transmitted to Washington. There is no indication that the State Department has intervened in this harassment of individuals seeking to communicate with our government. Statements by credible informants have asserted that "Peace Corps" volunteers have, at least in one recent instance, actually attempted to discourage a potential

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informant from trying to contact the U.S. embassy with such information.

It is true that the Pereira reign over the Colonia Nacional was formally terminated around 1973. Pereira, however, was allowed to settle on a plantation of his selection, serviced in all of his needs by Aché Indians. The estate is at present open to inspection to visitors like myself, although I chose not to see it. It is clear, however, that Pereira is aging in the comfort of the semiretirement and that the Paraguayan government is not proceeding against him on the basis of the evidence of mass murder, torture, and slave trading, which is readily at hand. Rumors have him reporting to the minister of defense as a consultant in Indian affairs—even though General Gonzalez vigorously asserts that Pereira has fully severed all connections with the Paraguayan armed forces.

I interviewed an Aché Indian—outside of the reservations I visited—about manhunts. And he told me, with the culturally conditioned smile used to avoid distressing listeners, how he and a group of 30 Aché, singing around a fire they had built in a jungle forest, were set upon by white men (in a maneuver evidently planned with some care) and mowed down from all sides by rifles or shotguns. Almost all were killed, including the wife of my informant. They had heard of manhunts before, but had tried not to believe in them. That night, he and his band of Indians had suddenly found themselves surrounded by white men who shot them down. His voice consistently flat, his face consistently smiling, he explained how he had made his escape. He carried one of his children in his arms as he fled through the forest.

As he gave his account, the flatness of his voice at times gave way to what sounded like a giggle, at times to a prolonged hysterical-sounding laugh. Throughout, however, his eyes reflected unremitting sadness and resignation, rarely lightened by the suggestion of a gleam of appeal to his listeners. Had he reported this massacre to the authorities? His answer to me carried the patience of an adult responding to the question of a child. But for the first time the flatness of his tone seemed controlled with some difficulty. "It would have been very dangerous," he replied through an interpreter.

ARE THE INDIANS OF PARAGUAY held as slaves?

I interviewed a member of the Paraguayan bureaucracy (who cannot be more directly identified) who reported that an American New Tribes missionary, known by the first name of Roberto, had acquired 300 Indian slaves in 1975. These slaves worked for him in a remote part of the northern Chaco. Yet another informant, an Indian, told me that the owner of an *estancia*, José Dolorez Pereira, was widely believed to have participated in manhunts. He was now keeping an Indian girl slave and refused to return her to her family, in spite of all entreaties. He lived approximately 9 kilometers from an Indian settlement in Laurel.

I interviewed three 15-year-old girls who had found refuge from slavery less than two weeks before meeting me. I found a 15-year-old boy who had also been a slave and had escaped only a few days ago. Each of them had been sold after a manhunt, one as recently as 1973. All spoke of other slaves whom they had known while acting as domestic servants or manual laborers, some of them in Asunción. They provided the names of their slavemasters and, in one case, of their captors. The three girls had been used for domestic labor. All complained of overwork, malnutrition, and being kept in rags. Two of them displayed evidence of barbaric punishment. One showed large scars on her legs, which, she explained, had been the result of beating; the other showed another scar upon her leg resulting, she explained, from having boiling oil thrown at her by her slavemaster. An attending doctor confirmed that her scar was consistent with second-degree burns. She escaped when taken to a hospital in Asunción for childbirth and informed that immediately after delivery her child would be sold to other Paraguayans. Mother and child escaped with the assistance of a nun.

The boy remembered being captured in the jungle by Pereira around 1973. Taken to the Colonia Nacional Guayakí, he was sold as well, but finally made his escape. One of the girls had been bartered in exchange for two dogs.

A summary of recent information on known episodes of slavery in Paraguay, submitted to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights and left uncontroverted by the Paraguayan government, has pinpointed six specific areas of thriving Aché slavery. The number is almost certainly an underestimate.

The overall impression based upon these materials, as well as upon my interviews, is that Indian slavery, far from being inhibited by the Paraguayan authorities, has been permitted to flourish and strike deeper roots—at times, it seems, with the assistance of Paraguayan army units.

GENOCIDE IN PARAGUAY DOCUmented the pervasive existence of deculturation, the destruction of Indianness, and the intimate link of deculturation with the growing death rate of the Indians.

What I now found was that deculturation and its induced death rate, mainly from tuberculosis, influenza, and diseases of malnutrition, yes, and even the more subtle forms of "psychological death," had grown apace.

And this is a report on reservations that the Paraguayan government was willing to display. What about those to which access was barred? At least one New Tribes Mission in the northern Chaco, for example, is still out of bounds for ordinary travelers. Indians are suffering and dying at all but one of the reservations I saw—the only exception being the reservation at the Mission of St. Augustin, which is financed by the Inter-American Foundation and staffed by the API.

The descriptions of the other reservations do not need restatement. Literally and figuratively they deserve to be called cesspools, calculated to induce disease and death. Given the further evidence of tuberculosis, and the utter lack of medical care or concern for Indians on the reservations, it would be foolhardy to assume that even 50 percent of the Indians seen by me in all but one of the reservations will not die within a year, if not in a matter of months.

Are we to assume that the horror of existing conditions of Indian life is the product of a nationwide state of impoverishment that affects white and Indian alike? The short answer to that suggestion is that Paraguayan whites, including the poor, whose death rate is admittedly high, are not upon the threshold of extinction as a group. The Indians are. In a word, we are witnessing the Paraguayan version of a "final solution" directed against the forest Indians of the land, Aché, Moro, and all the remaining forest Indians who, however indirectly, have blocked the economic development plans of the government of Paraguay. ❏

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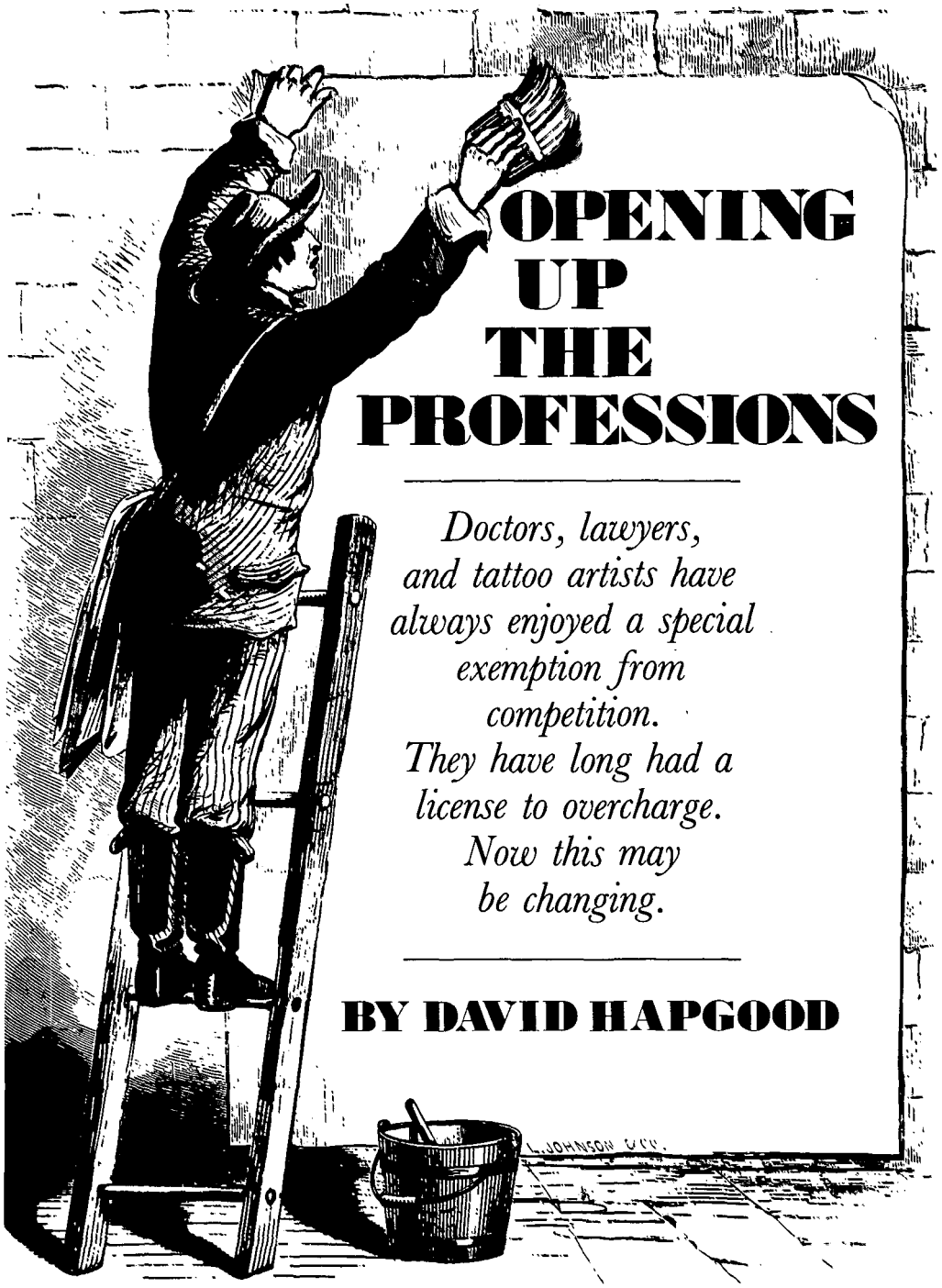

OPENING UP THE PROFESSIONS

Doctors, lawyers, and tattoo artists have always enjoyed a special exemption from competition. They have long had a license to overcharge. Now this may be changing.

BY DAVID HAPGOOD

THE FREE MARKET IS encroaching on the professions. It is a remarkable change, as yet little noticed except by those directly affected, that can drastically alter the public's relationship to the 15 million organized guild members who are licensed to provide services ranging from the familiar medicine and law to such exotica as frog dealing and egg grading.

For many decades the market for those services grew more restricted as the guilds induced government to regulate them in the interest of stifling competition. Hardly a year went by in which some organized occupation, somewhere, did not slip through some legislative body what Adam Smith called "some contrivance to raise prices."

Now, however, the tide is turning, carrying with it the promise of more competition, more choice, lower prices, and a more equitable relationship between people and professionals. Consider these recent events:

■ The Supreme Court in 1975 struck down the minimum fees for legal services that bar associations had imposed on their members, thus freeing lawyers to practice price competition. In 1977, the Supreme Court added meaning to that decision by freeing lawyers to advertise their prices. In a similar decision, the Court overruled state laws forbidding pharmacists to advertise the price of prescription drugs.

Although these decisions concerned only lawyers and pharmacists, their logic can, and almost certainly will, be applied to any occupation that restricts price competition by its members. Shortly after the Supreme Court decisions, the New York State Board of Regents extended the right to advertise prices to the 29 occupations (ranging alphabetically from acupuncture to veterinary medicine) that it regulates. Within a few months of the decision on prescription drugs, 23 of the 34 states that had previously banned price advertising had repealed or were not enforcing their laws.

■ The states are rapidly eliminating their restrictions on advertising the price of eyeglasses. Five years ago, just over half the states, 26, banned such advertising in any form, and it was restricted in one way or another in most of the remaining states. By late 1977, only a quarter of the states retained the complete prohibition, and the trend toward freeing the market was visible almost everywhere. New York's legislature repealed prohibition, and in California, where the legislature refused to repeal, the state simply announced it would no longer enforce the ban. At the national level, the Federal Trade Commission is soon likely to adopt a rule that would eliminate the remaining restrictions on advertising the price of eyeglasses.

■ Many states have acted to permit pharmacists, on the customer's request, to substitute a much cheaper generic equivalent for the brand-name drug prescribed by a doctor. As recently as five years ago, pharmacists almost everywhere were required to supply exactly what the doctor had written. By late 1977, 33 states, including all the bigger ones except Texas, had changed their laws to permit generic substitution. During the autumn months of 1977, for example, this increasingly popular switch was made by legislatures in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, and Ohio. In some states, including New York, substitution is required unless the doctor specifies otherwise.

■ In New York, as of 1976, health insurers must provide a free second

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opinion, by a surgeon who has no financial stake in the decision, to anyone who has been told by a surgeon that he needs an operation. In an earlier pilot program, more than one-quarter of the second opinions were that the surgery was unneeded.

■ Several states have begun putting members representing the public on those obscure boards that regulate licensed occupations and that typically have been peopled exclusively by members of the regulated occupation. This need not mean much if, for example, a single public member confronts a phalanx of professionals telling him why higher prices are good for the public. To counteract this possibility, New Jersey sends to meetings a state attorney along with the public members, and Massachusetts provides the public members with some education in the board's subject matter. In California, Governor Jerry Brown has appointed known critics of the regulated occupations. In one case, he appointed a critic by marriage: Robert Truehaft, appointed to the Board of Funeral Directors and Embalmers, is the husband of Jessica Mitford, author of *The American Way of Death*.

THESE DEVELOPments are evidence that an important change is taking place. Its origins can be traced to two shifts in public opinion.

One is the public's much reported loss of faith in authority. People are less credulous than they used to be. Guild privilege is based on the authority of special knowledge denied to the public: We know medicine, or frog dealing, and so we alone must decide how this service is delivered to you; since we're experts, you can trust us to make those decisions in the public's interest.

That claim is no longer persuasive. Even the lordly doctor, king of the experts, is no longer immune from the suspicion that his motives are no better, if no worse, than our own. Nothing has done more to tarnish the medical profession's halo than the spectacle of doctors clawing after Medicaid and Medicare money with the ardor we normally attribute to used-car dealers.

A decade ago, only a few specialists argued that a great deal of unnecessary surgery was performed in this country. Now, belief that this is the case is widespread. The second-opinion program that originated in New York obviously stems from that belief. The claims to public trust by lesser breeds within the licensing laws are subject to proportionately greater skepticism.

Skepticism about the experts coincides with a renewed interest in the free market among people previously addicted to government regulation as the cure for economic ills. Like the experts, regulation has been getting a bad press recently, and the political results of this are beginning to show. Take, for example, the cluster of people and organizations that go by the name of Ralph Nader. When he appeared on the national scene with *Unsafe at Any Speed*, Nader was an ardent regulator. Now the Naderites are among the most effective forces lobbying for a freer market in professional services (and also, by the way, for deregulation of the airlines).

The Supreme Court case that outlawed lawyers' minimum fees was argued by Alan Morrison of Nader's Litigation Group, and so was the case that won pharmacists the right to advertise prices. In the states, the Nader-inspired Public Interest Research Groups are often found lobbying for price advertising and other forms of professional competition. This means that several hundred political activists, along with those members of the public who take their cues from Nader, have switched to the free market. (Not entirely, for Nader is still a devotee of regulation in such areas as industrial health. Nonetheless, Nader's evolution marks an important shift in liberal opinion.)

The Naderites are not alone. Among those who lobbied through the measures listed earlier were a wide assortment of consumer and special interest groups, including at times the powerful American Association of Retired Persons, a group which claims over 11 million members. Often such groups are joined by dissidents within the trade: volume operators who want to capture a larger share of the eyeglass market; lawyers and pharmacists who believe price competition to be in their self-interest; doctors and medical schools that think unnecessary surgery is bad medicine. Seldom, however, do these efforts get any help from the two-party monopoly that dominates our political market. Governor Brown of California, who made a loud public point of putting maverick personalities on state licensing boards, is one of the few politicians to identify himself with the fight against the guilds. Surprisingly, the Federal Trade Commission has also been actively opposing guild monopolies in recent years.

WHEN THESE various groups banded together in the lobbies of government, they discovered a remarkable fact: Most guilds are easy to beat. The guilds did not win their privileges because they wield overwhelming clout. Tattoo artists and well diggers are not, after all, powerful interest groups, and even the stronger guilds, the doctors and lawyers, have proved vulnerable to attack.

The guilds were successful in inducing government to help them stamp out competition simply because no one else was paying attention. Here is how a typical guild coup would be mounted at the state level, which is where most such decisions are made. Lightning rod salesmen, let us say, feel an urge to reduce their numbers in order to raise their incomes. First, they make a fuss about charlatans in the business: Perhaps some swindler has been installing plastic rods. If only the occupation were regulated, the argument goes, such unscrupulous characters could be excluded, to the benefit of the public. A legislator is found to introduce a bill providing for the licensing of lightning rod salesmen and the appointing of a board to determine and enforce the terms under which one can practice the trade. The lightning rodders lobby their representatives for the bill. Each member may get only a couple of calls and letters, but that's all he gets; no one is rousing opposition to the bill, and in fact hardly anyone knows of its existence. It's not headline material, and if reported at all, the story is more likely to stress protection of the public than gains for the lightning rod salesmen. So the legislators vote yes, and 10 minutes later have forgotten whatever transient thoughts they had about lightning rods. When it comes time to appoint the regulatory board, the lightning rod establishment offers its list of names —who else, after all, knows as much about the trade?

The guild knows what to do once it has the tools it needs to shackle the market. First, make it hard to enter the trade. The standard tactic is to impose a lengthy training requirement and to deny access to all but graduates of approved schools. Then, tack on a needlessly complex examination that is graded by the guild members on the licensing boards, but be sure to insert a grandfather clause exempting the present practitioners. (Florida contractors

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pushed that tactic a bit too far in 1973 when their board flunked all 2228 applicants who took its exam; they had to back down and let the majority through.) These methods are tried and true: The seven-year apprenticeships imposed by London's medieval guilds were intended not to increase competence but to decrease numbers. Much the same happens today. For example, various states at various times have decreed that to become a barber you must undergo 1000 hours of schooling, or 2000, or 1872, or in one case, 1000 hours for cutting hair and another 200 for shaving a beard.

With entry more difficult, the number of people in the trade will fall and the survivors' revenue will rise. Needless competition among the brethren in the guild must also be prevented; no amount of training, it seems, can keep someone from shading his prices if he's not getting enough business. So, if it can get away with it, the guild will follow the lawyers' precedent and set minimum prices its members must charge. The advertising of prices is typically forbidden; this makes it harder for newcomers to break into the market.

Professional monopoly as practiced by the major guilds is much the same story written in larger type. The classic example is the long, patient, and ultimately successful efforts of organized medicine to get a stranglehold on the nation's supply of doctors. In 1847, the year the American Medical Association was founded, the profession was virtually unregulated: Anyone could practice, anyone could start a medical school. During its first half-century, the AMA convinced the state legislatures, one by one, to require that doctors be licensed and to turn over control of that process to AMA-dominated regulatory boards. In some states, the AMA branch nominates the board members; in all, doctors are in the majority.

But even with licensure the medical schools were still grinding out too many doctors for the profession's economic health. Beginning with the famous Flexner Report of 1910, the AMA went on to capture control of supply at the source. The AMA had been contending for some years that half of the nation's medical schools were inferior. Abraham Flexner, in a report sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation, gave wide currency to the AMA's position. Now the AMA went back to the legislatures and convinced them to require the licensing boards to consider only graduates of medical schools approved by the AMA's Council on Medical Education.

In essence, then, government had decreed a monopoly over access to doctors' services and had delegated the administration of the monopoly to the trade association of the doctors themselves. The AMA used its new power to implement occupational birth control. The number of medical schools fell from 162 in 1906 to 76 in 1930 and 69 in 1940. The nation produced fewer doctors in 1940 than it had 40 years earlier, although the population had almost doubled over those years. That's why your doctor earns more than you do—and no longer makes house calls. It's also why the competition to get into medical school, currently symbolized by the Bakke case, is so desperate.

Of course, a coup of this magnitude could not be brought off in the back closets of politics where the lightning rod salesmen and other petty guilds operate. The AMA was able to wangle its monopoly from state governments by pointing to the undoubtedly large number of quacks and incompetents practicing medicine in those days. But when the AMA today cites our better health as justification for what it has done with its monopoly, it benefits from two useful coincidences. Certainly medical education has improved since 1910, but that's mainly because research has provided more useful information to pass on to students, not because there are fewer medical schools. And most of our improved health is due to public health measures—sanitation and immunization—rather than to the ministrations of a smaller number of doctors.

*LET'S PAUSE A MO*ment to ask whether the claims by which the guilds prevent competition make sense in any terms other than their self-interest. Does licensing reduce fraud and malpractice? Not according to an FTC study that compared the practices of television repairmen in Louisiana, where they are licensed, to those in California, where they are not licensed but where the state monitors claims of fraud, and to those in the District of Columbia, which has no regulation. The rate of fraud was about equal in Louisiana and the District of Columbia, and much lower in California. Similarly, the medical societies and bar associations that regulate the practices of their respective professions are notorious for their willingness to forgive their brethren when they trespass against us, the public; it is as hard for a doctor or a lawyer to lose his license as it was to get it in the first place (unless, of course, he's been engaging in price competition). In the case of doctors, in one typical year all the medical boards in the nation lifted a total of 208 licenses (out of more than 300,000), and of those only 23 had to do with their professional practices; most of the others had gotten into trouble with the law for nonmedical reasons.

Among lawyers, a 1977 Nader-team study of six bar associations found "no significant increase" of public disciplining of lawyers since a 1970 committee headed by the late Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark described the state of lawyer self-discipline as "scandalous." Where figures were available, the Nader team reported that less than 2 percent of complaints against lawyers resulted in public reprimand, suspension, or disbarment. The public has no recourse, for its elected officials have in effect abdicated their power of regulation to the professions themselves. Sometimes we are not even allowed to gripe out loud: A Florida law forbids a citizen from publicizing a complaint against a lawyer after it has been filed with the bar association.

But licensing does serve at least one purpose: It raises prices. That same FTC study found thatthe average cost of television repairs was 20 to 30 percent higher in Louisiana, the state with licensing, than in the two license-free jurisdictions. In the case of doctors, Milton Friedman calculated that 20 percent of their income was due to the monopoly position they won through the AMA's efforts. So it seems the public is paying for protection that it isn't getting. In the better Mafia circles, that's considered unethical.

Most recently the guilds have been arguing that advertising would raise prices because the practitioner would pass on his advertising costs to the consumer. But a 1972 study by Lee Benham, an economist now at Washington University in St. Louis, found that the price of eyeglasses was 25 to 100 percent higher in those states that banned price advertising than in the states where it was permitted. This is because of the presence in those states of big discount-operators, who are more efficiently organized than the independent optometrist. For these discount operators, greater volume more than repays the cost of advertising. The difference has nothing to do with quality: The glasses themselves all come from the

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same handful of manufacturers, and there is no evidence to suggest that the optometrists who work for the discount operators are any more or less competent than the higher-priced independents. (A puzzling footnote to the Benham study is that, when he polled his colleagues about the results they would expect, all the professors of marketing thought he would find prices lower in the nonadvertising states.)

THE BENEFITS THAT a free (or at least, freer) market can bring are becoming visible in the field of legal services. Ironically, the lawyers, who counsel other monopolists on how to avoid free enterprise, were the first to be swept off their perch by the winds of change —and, adding insult, the deed was done by their colleagues in robes, the judges. In the 1975 Goldfarb case outlawing minimum fees, the Supreme Court rejected the argument, accepted by earlier courts, that law as a "learned profession" was exempt from the antitrust laws. It is a measure of our growing skepticism about the experts that the justices could no longer stomach the notion that logging a given number of years in school should make one immune from the rigors of the marketplace in which lesser mortals contend. That case permitted price competition; the 1977 case allowing price advertising provided the necessary tool to make that competition effective.

The effect of the two Supreme Court decisions was to rescue from early extinction some important innovations in the way legal services are delivered. One is the legal clinic, which is nothing more than a modernized law firm. The prototype clinic, the Jacoby and Meyers firm which operates in the Los Angeles area, has been able to cut the price of the kinds of transactions it handles by one-quarter to two-thirds. Unlike other lawyers, who avoid talking price until the client is hooked, this clinic posts its prices in the office. It achieved its economies by using paralegal assistants and by standardizing the way it handles such routine cases as bankruptcies and uncontested divorces. As a result, legal recourse is now available in those familiar sorts of cases in which, at the usual rates, the lawyer costs more than the case is worth. One couple, for example, wanted to get $800 back from a contractor. They couldn't go to Small Claims Court, where the limit is $500, and a standard law firm quoted them a price of $900. But the clinic took the case, and won it, for $300, netting the couple $500 and a redress denied them by the rest of the legal system.

This price-cutting caught the eye of the ever vigilant bar association, and soon Jacoby and Meyers, because of interviews they had given to the press, were brought up on charges of "advertising." This had a chilling effect on the half-dozen other clinics around the nation that had found they couldn't get the volume of business they needed to survive unless they could advertise their low prices. The 1977 court decision came just in time to save them. Now we can foresee a rapid proliferation of clinics charging low, fixed prices for those routine services that make up the bulk of our legal needs.

Concurrently, do-it-yourself law is increasingly popular. It's easier than it used to be, because the bar associations are no longer able to prevent the marketing of legal guides to doing your own divorce, bankruptcy, will, incorporation, or other routine legal arrangements. Two states, Wisconsin and Minnesota, have simplified the probate process so that survivors can settle an estate without hiring a lawyer. But the appeal of do-it-yourself is limited: Not many of us are willing to struggle alone through those complex forms and unfamiliar verbiage. A possible answer lies in the Wave Project, founded by Phyllis Eliasberg, a California lawyer. Eliasberg trained some two dozen lay people. For $75, these lay advisers counsel those who wish to arrange their own divorces. This cuts in half even the price charged by the legal clinic and is a fraction of the bar association's rate.

In the field of law, then, we can see coming a new dispensation under which we'll have access to more legal services at a lower cost to us, and we won't be forced to hire a lawyer when we don't want one. With competition, the lawyer will have to treat us as equals in the marketplace; he may even learn to speak English. And, if the free market continues to gain ground, we can expect similarly healthy changes in our relations with all the other licensed experts.

What has happened so far is, of course, just a beginning. Most of the structure of guild protection is still standing. Most important, the principle of mandatory licensing still prevails: In order to practice the trade, you must have a license issued by some authority. No government has yet taken the full free-market plunge: Repeal the licensing law, send the board members back home. It's not such a new idea. More than a century ago, in 1859, John Stuart Mill wrote in his essay *On Liberty:*

> Degrees or other public certificates of scientific or professional acquirements should be given to all who present themselves for examination and stand the test; but such certificates should confer no advantage over competitors other than the weight which may be attached to their testimony by public opinion.

WERE WE TO abolish the present system of licensing occupations, the result need not be chaos. There is an alternative known as "permissive licensing." This simply means one must go through the training and certification route in order to be called a *licensed* practitioner of whatever. But anyone else can hang out his shingle in the same business—as long as he doesn't claim the official seal of approval. He can practice law, that is, but cannot call himself a licensed lawyer.

As for the customer, under permissive licensing he would have the responsibility of choice and would be the one to suffer the consequences. How much difference the availability of unlicensed practitioners would make doubtless would depend on what, and how much, was at stake. At one extreme, few among us would turn to an amateur for major surgery. At the other, many would certainly go to an unlicensed repairman or plumber if he had a reputation for doing good work and the price was right. If you were on trial for murder, or involved in a civil case whose outcome could leave you wealthy or bankrupt, you would doubtless not want an uncertified counsel. But the practice of law now includes a lot of routine tasks that, as the Wave Project shows, can be done more cheaply by nonlawyers. Wave deals only with uncontested divorce; probate and real estate transactions could be handled the same way. We could anticipate, in law and also in other areas, that ending professional monopoly would cause the growth of new subprofessions that would provide the public with more service at lower cost —and more choice.

We are far from achieving true liberty in the professional marketplace, and indeed we may never get there. But for the first time in a century the trend of events is in that direction. ❑

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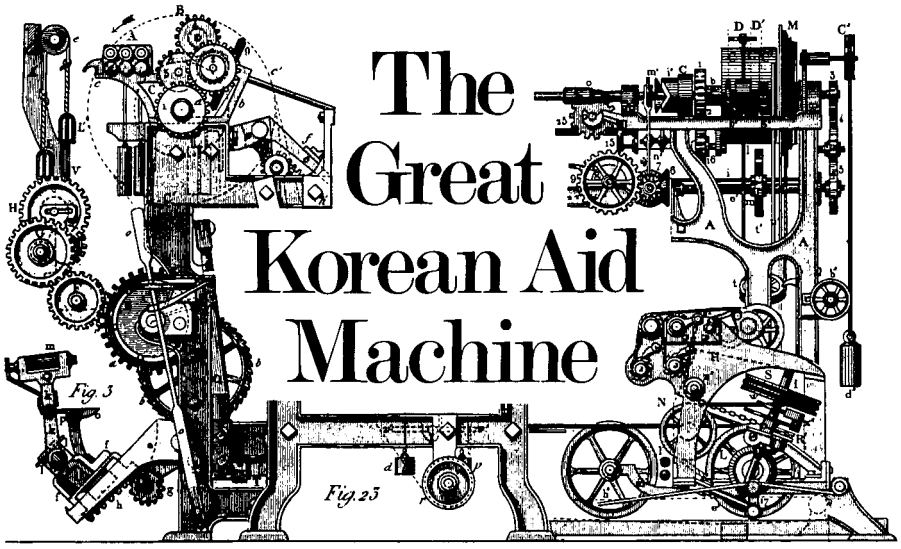
Tongsun Park is gone but more dollars are flowing to Seoul than ever before

The Great Korean Aid Machine



By Jim Morrell

WHILE THE NATIONAL media have played up the juicier revelations of the Korean influence-buying scandal, less attention has been devoted to the objective of that campaign: to keep U.S. foreign aid flowing to Seoul. It was for this reason that Tongsun Park carried cash to Capitol Hill. Now that Park's operation has been exposed, the South Korean government fears that the aid program will be cut.

So far, such worries are unjustified. No country has worked harder than South Korea to increase its quota of aid, and no country has been more successful. The South Koreans have benefited handsomely from various forms of foreign aid. The Korean aid program has evolved in typical Washington fashion, behind close doors, beyond the prying eyes of Congress, the press, or the public. And even though Congress has shown some signs that it is ready to look more closely at the Korean aid program, there is good reason to doubt that it can or will reverse the flow of dollars to Seoul.

The tangled story of the recent aid program to South Korea begins in 1968, when presidential candidate Richard Nixon set his "Southern strategy" for the upcoming election. To win over powerful Southern textile magnates, Nixon pledged to hold down textile imports from Asia; once in the White House, he carried out his promise. In 1970 President Nixon sent former Treasury Secretary David M. Kennedy to Seoul to negotiate a textile export agreement. In return for a limit on exports, the Nixon administration pledged South Korea $275 million in extra Food for Peace (Title I, PL-480) aid over a five-year period, to offset the anticipated South Korean foreign exchange losses. The textile agreement was concluded secretly in 1971.

As might be expected, Nixon did not tell Congress about the textile agreement, much less that it was meant as a payoff to Southern textile interests for their support in 1968. Congress was told only that South Korea would need more aid, not the reason why. The $275 million extra in PL-480 aid secretly pledged to South Korea came on top of already programmed food aid, making a five-year total of $776 million. Since the food aid program requires annual authorizations and appropriations of U.S. funds, it had to be submitted to Congress each year.

Here entered Tongsun Park, the South Korean government's sole agent for PL-480 Title I purchases. It was Tongsun Park's mission to maintain and expand aid to South Korea; and Seoul ensured the businessman-playboy's zeal by assigning him a commission on every ton of PL-480 commodities shipped to South Korea. The more PL-480 aid Park extracted from Congress, the more commissions he made. He eventually collected a total of $9 million.

There is no evidence that the Nixon administration played any part in turning Tongsun Park loose on Congress. There is evidence, however, that his reported attempts to bribe members of Congress were known to high officials in the State Department and Central Intelligence Agency who kept the knowledge to themselves. As early as the fall of 1970, cables began flowing into the State Department, detailing the influence-buying campaign, including the significant fact that money was being passed to members of Congress and to others. The State Department transmitted these cables to the National Security Council, then headed by Henry A. Kissinger. Although this aspect of the Korean bribery scandal has yet to be aired publicly, it is potentially the most explosive: Like Watergate, it involves top officials incurring a possible obstruction-of-justice criminal liability by concealing information on illegal acts.

By smoothing the way for congressional passage of the inflated PL-480 allotments to South Korea, Tongsun Park indirectly served Nixon's interests as well as his own. Thus, the Nixon administration and CIA were content to let his activity remain a dirty little Washington secret to be whispered about by insiders. Donald L. Ranard, then head of the Korea desk at the State Department, tried to interest his superiors in starting an investigation. For reasons still unexplained, they were uninterested. Tongsun Park was apparently doing a useful job. If he had not existed, someone else would have

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had to be found to do the same job.

As it was, no focused resistance to South Korean aid was present on Capitol Hill in the early 1970s, and PL-480 enjoyed strong farm lobby support. At first Tongsun Park had an easy time.

In 1972 and 1973, however, the use of the worldwide PL-480 program for political purposes began to draw congressional criticism. As the legislative branch moved to reassert its constitutional role in foreign policy decision-making, opponents of the Indochina conflict, disturbed that 78% of the PL-480 Title I program was being channeled into the war effort, amended the law to reserve 75% of PL-480 credit sales to the poorest nations. This left the Ford administration only 25% of the program for "political use" and limited the size of the PL-480 credits available for South Korea. After the fall of Indochina, the Ford administration divided this 25% "political use" residual between its two top priority recipients, South Korea and Chile.

BY THE END OF 1975, these restraints (and others) left the United States approximately $350 million in arrears in meeting its pledge under the textile agreement. Moreover, to the distress of the South Koreans, in 1975 Congress for the first time limited military aid to South Korea because of its dismal human rights record.

This new congressional sensitivity to human rights problems in South Korea melted away the following year, however, when a bid to cut both PL-480 credit sales and military aid to South Korea failed in the House. The food aid cuts ran into farm state opposition. The military aid limitation of $290 million over two years, sponsored by Congressman Donald Fraser (D.-Minn.), cleared the House International Relations Committee but went down to defeat on the floor as liberals joined conservatives in unexpectedly large numbers to confirm the Ford administration's request for $490 million. As a result, the Ford administration was able to increase military equipment credits from $126 million in fiscal 1976 to $275 million in fiscal 1977—the same level programmed by the Carter administration for the current fiscal year.

But by this time the outcome of these congressional votes mattered little in setting overall levels of aid to South Korea. U.S. aid and credits to South Korea flow through a dozen separate conduits, only four of which—the Agency for International Development, Peace Corps, military aid, and PL-480—operate directly under congressional control of country allocations. Ever since 1971, general trends in the composition of aid have been eroding the role of Congress in reviewing loan decisions. Such financial institutions as the U.S. Export-Import Bank, the World Bank, and the International Monetary Fund account for more and more of the total flow of government aid and credits abroad. Counting the total amounts from all major sources, including the full amount from multilateral channels with about one-quarter U.S. input, the amount of foreign aid provided by the four sources under direct congressional control has remained in the same range since fiscal year 1971; meanwhile, the amount given through financial institutions has doubled.

South Korea's aid receipts fully reflected this worldwide trend. While as recently as fiscal year 1973 almost half of the total $1.1 billion in U.S. and multilateral aid to South Korea was subject to direct congressional review, by fiscal year 1976 the share subject to congressional debate and decision had dropped to 23 percent of the $1.6 billion total. In fiscal year 1975 the congressional share dipped even lower, to only 12.7 percent of the $1.4 billion total.

The rest of the money came from the complex of agencies and institutions that dispense public money, but whose individual allocations are not subject to direct congressional decision. In fiscal year 1976 (the numbers for fiscal year 1975 are similar) South Korea received $215.2 million of loans and guarantees from the Export-Import Bank; $74.1 million of U.S. Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC)-insured investments; $220 million in export credits from the U.S. Commodity Credit Corporation (CCC); and $25 million from U.S. Housing Guaranties. From international financial institutions, which receive from 16 to 33 percent of their support from the United States, South Korea collected another $733.4 million.

What is most striking about these figures, compared to the aid receipts of other countries, is the Koreans' success in garnering consistently large amounts of financial assistance from every available program. The total from all sources rose from $714 million in 1970 to $1.6 billion by 1976, although the amount decreased to $1.25 billion in 1977.

Control over the financial institutions' allocations is vested in the executive branch and submitted to Congress only after the fact. Evidence indicates that Tongsun Park claimed credit for having influenced some 30 "administration and other" officials, of whom at least two were reported to have been in the White House. The South Koreans offered gifts aplenty, ranging from works of art to whiskey, and found some takers. But U.S. bureaucrats are a well-paid lot and are free from the legislators' worry about campaign funds.

Thus, while the large and rising aid totals to South Korea owe much to Tongsun Park's exertions on Capitol Hill, particularly the PL-480 component of approximately $100 million a year, they also owe much to the confluence of both a deliberate policy of tilting toward South Korea within the executive branch and a trend toward ever larger allocations to match Korea's economic growth. The policy priority came to be rationalized within the bureaucracy in the theory of "rewarding the winners": South Korea has used aid effectively in the past, as evidenced by its rapid economic growth, and so, it was said, deserves to have first claim on new availabilities. Also, as South Korea made rapid economic progress, it became eligible for large Eximbank loans, CCC credits, and ordinary capital World Bank and Asian Bank loans. While these loans carry more nearly conventional terms of interest than do the earlier concessional aid loans, they also come in much larger amounts.

With a general predisposition at the top toward aid to South Korea, and with South Korea's impressive growth record, each executive branch agency decided to act favorably on the ever larger financing requests received from U.S. exporters, multinational corporations, and the South Korean government itself; this favorable attitude even spilled over into the World Bank and other ostensibly international institutions involved in South Korea.

Some scattered voices within the bureaucracy questioned the trend on technical grounds. A Treasury Department official at a 1975 staff meeting wondered out loud whether South Korea should receive such a large share of the available capital and whether it could absorb such large loans without the eventuality of a debt crisis. The grant of $175 million in World Bank

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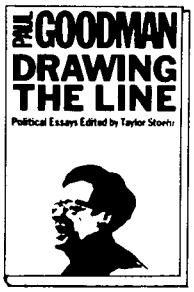
"Paul Goodman was the sort of political clairvoyant who is ignored by the prestigiously cocksure damn fools who are regarded as responsibly authoritative voices until it is too late." —Nicholas von Hoffman



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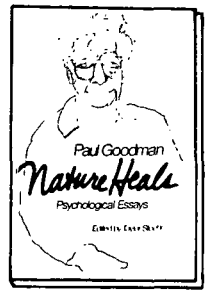

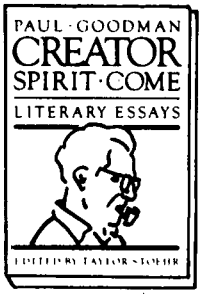

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"program loans"—straight balance-of-payment support—to provide urgently needed foreign exchange, in 1975 and 1976 particularly, gave rise to considerable, although short-lived, controversy and criticism within the bureaucracy. The Belgian executive director at the IMF and World Bank lambasted South Korea for "using long-term aid to deal with short-term needs." At closed meetings of the Bank and IMF executive boards, he and others questioned the program loans. Instead, South Korea should have applied at the IMF for such balance-of-payment loans, they suggested, even though that meant submitting to the Fund's stringent conditions for loans from the higher credit tranches.

The conditions would have required South Korea to cut back its growth rate drastically in order to bring its external accounts into closer balance. There was a fairly widespread feeling in the Bank, Fund, U.S. Treasury Department, and at least one U.S. multinational corporation (Gulf Oil) that South Korea was headed for a balance-of-payments crisis. In the event, South Korea's impressive recovery in 1976 and 1977 confounded the skeptics, including the present writer, and the Ford administration prevailed in its efforts for increased loans.

Viewed as a whole, the aid program to South Korea is a bureaucratic machine that runs by itself with an occasional nudge in the right direction by the executive branch. In this machine Congress is the one extra creaking wheel that requires regular greasing lest it stick and slow down the entire operation. Applying this grease was the role of Tongsun Park, the Korean ambassador to the United States, and the Korean Central Intelligence Agency.

In an initial reaction to South Korean obstruction of the congressional bribery investigation, the House last fall came within 14 votes of deleting the entire $110 million PL-480 credit sales allocation for fiscal year 1978, and is now balking at the Carter administration's request for an $800-million arms transfer. Thus, with Tongsun Park no longer around to apply the grease, aid to South Korea is not sliding through Congress as smoothly as in the past. But there are many other aid sources all safely within the control of the executive branch to make up for any cuts imposed by Congress. Tongsun Park is gone, but the Washington bureaucracy remains, cranking out money for Korea as fast as ever.

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ART, POLITICS, AND WILL: Essays in Honor of Lionel Trilling, edited by Quentin Anderson, Stephen Donadio, and Steven Marcus. Basic Books, 295 pp., $15.00.

Trilling's faith

F. ROCCO LANDESMAN

ONLY TWO OF THE ESSAYS IN this volume—Quentin Anderson's defense of Trilling's novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, and Steven Marcus's beautiful memorial essay—deal directly with the man who so decisively influenced the lives of each of the 12 contributors. The others, while seeming to be unrelated continuations of the work of various thinkers in diverse disciplines, nonetheless constitute an implicit defense of Trilling's methods, central concerns, and point of view. *Art, Politics, and Will* offers a fair, representative sampling of the modernist critical stance, and although the quality of mind varies grossly from essay to essay, the editors have succeeded in putting together a book that is, in their words, "a tribute without being in the least a chorus."

The book contains two important essays, Daniel Bell's "Beyond Modernism, Beyond Self," and Stephen Donadio's "Emerson, Christian Identity, and the Dissolution of the Social Order," that take up, in Trilling's tradition—as against the Transcendentalists—the dangers of trying to go beyond the exigent world of the self and the social reality that defines it. The other contributions range from the lightweight—Jacques Barzun's very small piece on the advent of the railroad, and an uncharacteristically insignificant essay by Frank Kermode entitled "Can We Say Absolutely Anything We Like?" which says absolutely nothing at all—to mildly interesting but unambitious essays by Gertrude Himmelfarb, Fritz Stern, Edward W. Said, Robert M. Adams, and Richard Hoggart. Irving Howe's appreciation of *Kim*, Anderson's of *The Middle of the Journey*, and Marcus's of Trilling round out an eclectic volume, a kind of modernist admonition to renegades in this postmodernist age.

Lionel Trilling's voice, as Marcus reminds us, was intensely secular:

> He was in the first place urbane in the strict sense of the word—he was a man of the city, of the metropolis. That city was New York, and the sector of urban culture that Trilling emerged from and partly embodied was the subculture of the New York Jewish intellectuals. That subculture was distinguished by the intensity of its commitment to ideas, its radical secularism and its involvement in the ideological consciousness of modern political life.

The irony of the word "Jewish" being used as almost a synonym of "secular" aside, it seems fair to say that Trilling, in his work at least, did not subscribe to any of the ready systems of belief that are always available in pluralist cultures. But his faith, if it did not extend to belief in God, or in romantic notions of love and family, or in socialism, or in scientific and technological progress, nonetheless extended beyond a "commitment to ideas." Trilling held sacred the most basic tenet of modernism: a deep concern with the self, its consciousness, its imagination, its relation to the culture-at-large. If we were to write a recent history of this abstract concept, this "self," we would be writing Trilling's intellectual biography. With his death modernism lost its high priest, just when the continued vitality and legitimacy of the idea of self seems uncertain.

ANY DISCUSSION OF TRILLING, indeed any examination of modern notions of self, must begin with Freud. Trilling shared not only Freud's view of a neurotic, divided, alienated self, but also his more basic premise that the self—an odd conglomeration of mind, will, imagination—must be the first and central object of serious attention. The decline of modernism, which so obviously disturbed Trilling, has been attended by both a less pessimistic view of the self and its relation to culture, and a feeling in some quarters that somehow self-consciousness leads to solipsism and that a study of the individual mind need not be accorded the highest priority.

In political terms, of course, a Marxist view of the world adopts, superficially at least, a more optimistic view of human possibility while playing down the importance of individual problems and solutions. In literary terms, postmodernist writing has tended to minimize, abstract, and essentialize, while the great modernist works presented what Quentin Anderson calls the "hypertrophied self"—the appropriation of the entire world through an expansive, consuming, ever conscious, ever important self.

The usually implicit, occasionally explicit defenses of Trilling that this volume presents generally focus on the political Trilling, an odd tack to take toward a critic who wrote almost exclusively about literature. Freud's legacy is brought to bear on our political consciousness while the banishment of Freud from our literature—

The decline of modernism has been attended by a less pessimistic view of the self and its relation to culture.

where he was always much more of a presence—is virtually ignored. Is Trilling to be remembered as a critic of Stalinism and glossed over as a critic of literature? That this book is so tilted toward a political perspective may be due to the fact that so many of the contributors are historians and sociologists. Or it may be that trends in our present culture have vindicated the political but not the literary Trilling.

THIS POLEMICAL TRILLING, according to Marcus, advocated the experience of literature as a kind of corrective to the narrow, inadequate rationalism of the leftist ideologues. But

F. ROCCO LANDESMAN was editor of yale/theatre *from 1972 to 1977, and taught at Yale School of Drama.*

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later, when Trilling wrote *Beyond Culture*, a new generation was embracing not a warped rationalism, but a notion of literally unlimited freedom that Trilling found equally unreal: "Hence the polemical line of discourse that Trilling now took up was essentially aimed at the excesses of irrationalism and self-abandonment that the 'success' of the adversary culture had made popular and even chic."

Trilling's presence is felt throughout this book as a kind of reality principle, a critic who brings ideologues back to an awareness of human complexity and brings spiritual radicals back to a sense of physical exigency. Donadio is speaking of Hawthorne, but is no doubt thinking of Trilling when he writes that "his work is the product of an essentially secular imagination—an imagination committed to (and perhaps ultimately limited by) the possibilities of self-definition and experience which derive from living in an actual society, in history." Similarly Daniel Bell raises questions about such representative postmodern thinkers as Norman O. Brown and R. D. Laing, who "have pressed the logic of modernism toward its most radical theoretical conclusions," and who deny "the self as being created by history or culture."

Trilling believed that literature best presents the great imperatives that limit human possibility. "Literature," he wrote 22 years ago in *Freud and the Crisis of Our Culture*," is dedicated to the conception of the self." And this literary self, of course, is strongly determined by Freud's death-instinct and is often found in Freud's favorite literary mode—the tragic: For literature, according to Trilling, "has always recorded an impulse of the self to find affirmation even in its own extinction, even *by* its own extinction." Behind this literary preoccupation is Trilling's personal attitude, which shows itself not so much in overt pessimism as in a seriousness of taste that values above all else everything honorific implied in the term "weight."

Weight: a sense of the agony of consciousness in its struggle with culture, a sense of a burdened, tormented self, a sense of perpetual discontinuity and the impossibility of the fully civilized *and* fully happy human being. It's a word that appears again and again in Trilling's last and greatest work, *Sincerity and Authenticity*, a book whose last chapters take issue with the revisions of Freud being undertaken by such thinkers as Marcuse, Laing, Norman O. Brown, and David Cooper. These men disturb Trilling because they move, in varying directions, away from the most sacred concept in Freud's system: his insistence, as Trilling puts it, on "the essential immitigability of the human condition as determined by the nature of mind. . . ." In the absence of religion, we have only this imperative to give substance to our thought and our lives, and so it was Freud's purpose, Trilling argues, "to keep all things from becoming 'weightless.'"

Trilling believed that a major cause of the decline in Freud's reputation may be our "contemporary disenchantment with narration as a way of explaining things."

IN SINCERITY AND AUTHENTICITY Trilling speaks fondly, almost nostalgically, of the Judeo-Christian tradition of placing value on suffering and of the literary genre of tragedy that comes out of this value. Words such as "faith" and "piety" recur frequently as Trilling emphasizes the importance of being conscious of fate, of necessity. It is an "authenticated imperative, irrational and beyond the reach of reason, that Freud wishes to preserve," he writes, and Trilling too must take his Freudian imperatives on faith. Certainly recent work in anthropology and behavioral psychology must have offered little comfort to him. In as close as he will come to a personal statement, Trilling writes, in this last book, that "Nietzsche dreaded the 'weightlessness of all things,' the inauthenticity of experience, which he foresaw would be the consequence of the death of God. Hence his celebration of what he called the 'energizing pessimism' of the Greeks. . . ."

Trilling's own pessimism, or perhaps the word is sadness, must be considered in the context of the profound changes in our intellectual life in recent years. In 1955 Trilling was able to rest comfortably assured of a continuing consensus among superior minds regarding the "modern," and at the same time still adversary sensibility: "In literature, to speak only of that art, the work of Joyce is as difficult and momentous to my students as it was to me; the work of Lawrence is as startling to them as to me. . . ." Freud, the dominant figure in this still vibrant modernism, was singled out as the greatest proof that the past was very much alive: "We have entered the hundredth year since Freud was born. It scarcely seems possible." Seventeen years later it is a troubled and less confident Trilling who addresses himself to the current "withdrawal of credence from Freudian theory."

Trilling believed that a major cause of this decline in Freud's reputation may be our "contemporary disenchantment with narration as a way of explaining things. . . ." The purpose of psychoanalysis is to tell the whole story from the beginning, tracing causes and sequences so as to be better able to control the next episode. And narration, Trilling reminds us, is currently out of favor in literature and history. Our current perceptions are such that we consider the ordered, manageable literary narrative a falsehood, and the linear, sequential history a simplification.

IT SEEMS TO ME, HOWEVER, that at least from a literary perspective, the current disenchantment with Freud is related not so much to the decline of narrative—which has in fact occurred—as to the weakening of the cardinal concept of Trilling's thought: the idea of self. To return to Joyce and Lawrence (as well as Proust, Mann, Dostoevsky, most of the modern novelists), what contemporary readers and critics are losing patience with is not the personal storytelling, but its excesses—the vain, self-important accretion of personal detail: the assumption on the part of the novelist that his smallest gesture or half-intended response is of supreme significance and that the more microscopic his observation, the finer his sensibility. The work of authors we sometimes call postmodern—Beckett in the plays, Handke, Borges; in America, Hawkes, Kosinski, and Barthelme to name but several—is no less individual or idiosyncratic than that of their predecessors, but it is based less on the presumed authenticity of the author's specific experiences and is therefore much more sparing in the compilation of "authenticating" personal detail. Not surprisingly, such literature is often much shorter in length.

In the last years of his life, Trilling seemed to view cultural developments with a kind of dignified sadness. The only literary genres still passionately concerned with questions of self have been the "new journalism" and the confessional novel (usually written by a woman), neither of which engaged his interest. As new religions, new revolutions, new radical theories kept bursting on the scene, Trilling continued to go about his business, teaching the great modernist novels and, in *Sincerity and Authenticity*, presenting another, final critique of the prevailing cultural mood. Trilling's was always a voice from the outside, out of fashion and never much in favor. For 30 years, to the end, he fought an individual battle, and in this way was an important part of *our* adversary culture.

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THE SHADOW OF PEARL HARBOR: Political Controversy over the Surprise Attack, by Martin V. Melosi. Texas A & M University Press, 183 pp., $10.00.

Covering up Pearl

THOMAS A. BRESLIN

THE PEARL HARBOR DISASTER is a trauma that will not disappear from the collective American memory. Only last fall the taped memoirs of John A. Burns, deceased governor of Hawaii, came to the public's attention because they contained the allegation that a week before the Japanese attack, the FBI knew that it was impending and did not inform the commanders in Hawaii. Until the government releases the relevant documents, we will not know what knowledge, if any, J. Edgar Hoover and his associates had of the Japanese plans to attack Pearl Harbor. Meanwhile, students of both the Pearl Harbor question and the power of the federal executive would do well to read Martin V. Melosi's fine monographic study of the Roosevelt administration's attempt to minimize the domestic impact of Pearl Harbor and to keep blame away from itself.

Readers should be forewarned that Melosi employs the standard liberal "interventionist vs. isolationist" paradigm as the matrix for his work. The author repeatedly describes opponents of the Roosevelt foreign policy as "isolationists" and supporters of that policy as "interventionists." The term "isolationist" is so loose, however, as to be misleading, and even Melosi himself has trouble with it. Thus he writes that "Bertrand W. Gearhart [R.-Calif.] was an anti-New Dealer and an isolationist. The chunky, rather affable Californian did not have a sparkling record in the House; he was best known for his advocacy of Iceland as the forty-ninth state" (p. 128).

This use of the liberal paradigm leads to Melosi's failure to understand the critique of U.S. imperialism by such statesmen as Gerald P. Nye and William Borah. Because he focuses so tightly on the Pearl Harbor attack and its aftermath, he would have the reader believe that the debate over Roosevelt's foreign policy was something which sprang from that attack. Thus he writes, "At the core of the analysis of Roosevelt's foreign policy was a specific and emotional controversy over responsibility for the disaster, which formed the basis for the postwar historical debate" (p. xi). Of course, the debate over Franklin Roosevelt's foreign policy antedated Pearl Harbor. It may, moreover, be viewed as part of the larger debate over U.S. foreign policy that had been going on since the turn of the century, a series of controversies that often centered on what sort of government Americans wanted theirs to be; whether, in particular, they wanted to move toward a global empire.

WHEN HE FOCUSES ON THE domestic political aftermath of the Pearl Harbor defeat and stays away from the larger questions, Melosi usually writes clearly, sometimes elegantly, and often with great subtlety of the persons and issues involved. The reader will find him a competent guide through the maze of the six investigations and the diversionary actions of the Roosevelt administration. The resulting story will hold the attention of all but the most jaded students of the American political scene.

Melosi argues that for two reasons the Roosevelt administration feared public speculation about the causes for the debacle at Pearl Harbor: Such speculation might lead the American people to see the war merely as a reaction to a devastating air raid (thus distracting them from wartime and postwar cooperation with the Allies) and it could lead to criticism of the highest civilian and military officials in the administration.

The second reason for the administration's fear was by far the stronger. In order to abort any criticism, Secretary of the Navy Knox, a militant nationalist and a central architect of the administration's "defense" program, flew to Pearl Harbor almost immediately after the attack and conducted an investigation, while Roosevelt was fobbing off the press at home. Knox announced that neither of the local commanders, Admiral Kimmel and General Short, had prepared for the type of attack the Japanese launched. Knox and his aggressively nationalistic counterpart in the Department of War, Henry Stimson, decided to blame the disaster on Kimmel and Short and to relieve them of their commands.

The vehicle for the condemnation of Kimmel and Short was the Pearl Harbor board of inquiry, headed by Associate Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, which Roosevelt named on December 16, 1941. The inquiry was meant to stave off a congressional investigation, and so it did.

MELOSI IS INCONSISTENT IN his opinion of the Roberts board of inquiry. At first he argues that it was not the "kangaroo court" which postwar critics alleged it to be; then he admits that "the board members were likely to carry out their instructions literally and also to try to avoid perpetuating a debate over the issue of Pearl Harbor responsibility" (pp. 33–34). Of personal intrusion by Knox and Stimson he writes, "There is little justification to read any sinister or clandestine motives into the encounters between the board members and the army and navy secretaries" (p. 35). Yet further along he concludes, "Given the narrow charge to the board, the close association with the secretaries of war and the navy,

ED CRUGER

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and the restrictions in witnesses interrogated and documentation examined, it was not surprising that the Roberts commission censured the Hawaiian commanders" (pp. 37–38). Such inconsistency mars the third chapter, and Melosi's apologies for the administration seem feeble and arbitrary.

Melosi argues persuasively that the administration's tactic of blaming the local commanders backfired. If Kimmel and Short were at fault, then certain questions about their superiors inevitably followed. Furthermore, by refusing the disgraced commanders an early public trial (which might have embarrassed the administration) and postponing their courts-martial until after the war, Roosevelt, Stimson, and Knox kept the issue festering.

Melosi skillfully traces the efforts of the administration to fend off a public inquiry. The fear that inspired those efforts grew with time. An internal investigation by Admiral Thomas C. Hart on behalf of the Navy department in early 1944 revealed that that department, for one, had reason to be apprehensive. In mid-1944 congressional critics forced full-scale investigations by both the Army and Navy as a prelude to possible courts-martial. The Army Pearl Harbor Board found that the administration had failed to give adequate warning to General Short at Pearl Harbor. The Navy Court of Inquiry delivered parallel findings.

THE ROOSEVELT AND TRUman administrations managed to cover up the damaging reports until after the end of the war. Even after the Truman administration released the Army and Navy reports in late 1945, the public remained suspicious and more prone to blame the politicians than the military men for the defeat at the Pacific outpost.

A joint congressional investigation, from November 15, 1945, to May 31, 1946, did not completely quell the public's suspicions.

That investigation found that officials in both Hawaii and Washington had to bear some responsibility for what had happened. With this finding, the wartime debate over Pearl Harbor came to an end.

Melosi appears surprised that the partisan political setting of the U.S. Congress could yield evenhanded investigative reports on the disaster. Time and again in his narrative one finds outcroppings of the traditional liberal suspicion of partisan politics. And yet, as this study shows so well, it was such politics that forced the Roosevelt and Truman administrations to reveal as much as they did about the defeat.

The breakdown of partisan politics during the election of 1944 made easier the emergence of the national security state. The Roosevelt administration persuaded Thomas Dewey for reasons of "national security" not to reveal that for some time preceding December 1941 the U.S. government had been able to read the coded messages passed between Tokyo and Japanese outposts in Honolulu, Washington, and elsewhere. The administration did not want the Japanese to learn of this achievement for obvious military reasons; nor did they want the American voters to learn of it, because it might lead the electorate to wonder whether Roosevelt and his advisers hadn't known at some point before December 7 that war, perhaps even the attack on Pearl Harbor, was coming. By acceding to the administration's overtures, Dewey denied the American people the opportunity to pass judgment on the policies that had led to war. He helped also to pave the way for politicians cloaking their machinations with the term "national security," while evoking the memory of Pearl Harbor's twisted hulks.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY SYSTEM, 1945–1976: An Insider's View, by Robert Solomon. Harper & Row, 381 pp., $17.50.

THE ORIGINS OF INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC DISORDER: A Study of United States International Monetary Policy from World War II to the Present, by Fred L. Block. University of California Press, 282 pp., $14.00.

Monetary nonsense

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

AT THE END OF WORLD WAR II an all-powerful United States succeeded in imposing on the western world its major economic war aim: the Bretton Woods international monetary system, establishing fixed exchange rates and the dollar as the base of world currencies. That system was thought to be engraved in stone; yet by the end of the 1960s Bretton Woods lay in ruins. But this was only one part of the monetary history of this century. Since World War I the leading nations have been stumbling and bumbling in their approach to international monetary affairs. The world has been pulled in and out of fixed exchange rates, various degrees of fluctuating exchange rates, international collaboration, harsh "beggar thy neighbor" monetary and economic warfare, various forms of partial reliance on gold, and different kinds of pound, dollar, and "paper gold" standards. During this same period, the world has suffered from myriad monetary crises; runs on gold, the pound, and the dollar; and jerry-built agreements that are supposedly eternal but that collapse in a few months. (The Smithsonian Agreement of December 1971, which President Nixon hailed as "the greatest monetary agreement of all time," collapsed within a year and a half.)

One would think that being on the inside of many decades of careening one step ahead of monetary chaos might induce a sober, even cynical, spirit; that it might lead the insider to call for keeping one's metaphorical air-raid shelter well-stocked and at the ready. But such is not the case with Dr. Robert Solomon, a Harvard Ph.D., for many years a leading insider as the Federal Reserve Board's chief international economist, and now enjoying R&R at the Brookings Institution. On the contrary, Dr. Solomon's view from the top is almost incredibly benign. Not only is there no sense that any real crises ever took place, but Solomon's book is an outstanding example of what has been called the "Whig theory of history," readily summed up as the thesis that "whatever was, was right." And so, regardless of what flop of a plan was adopted by the United States or the western world, even if it lasted only a few months, it was *right for that time span.* Considering the somber record of international money in this period, "Whig theory of history" is a kindly label; "Pollyanna in the nursery" might be more appropriate.

SOLOMON'S NAIVE APPROACH IS facilitated by the fact that, although an able monetary technician, he shows no sign whatever of economic understanding, of apprehending the causes of the economic situations he and we found ourselves in. One example will suffice: After World War II, the countries of Europe and Asia discovered that they could not find dollars to buy in foreign exchange markets. Hence, establishment economists came up with the idea of a mysterious "dollar shortage," a shortage somehow embedded in the structure of world economies and destined to be quasi-permanent. A few years after the dollar shortage theory was discovered and solemnly intoned, lo and behold! the world began to experience a dollar glut; the world was increasingly awash in dollars. The turning point, in fact, can be pinpointed: 1950. Some of our more perceptive economists have since taken to ridiculing the prophets of the permanent dollar shortage. Not so Dr. Solomon, the quintessence of Establishment Man. No, for Solomon, such a view is unkind; instead, displaying no insight whatever into the causes either of the advent of the shortage or of its reversal, Solomon maintains that the theorists of the dollar shortage were correct for the 1940s and became incorrect only after the shortage disappeared. To Solomon the causes of these changes rested vaguely in production and

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postwar reconstruction—important phenomena, no doubt, but irrelevant to whether the dollar is short or in plentiful supply.

The *pons asinorum* of economics is to realize that aggregate concepts like "production," "spending," "unemployment," or "shortage" are meaningless except in reference to the question, *At what price?* The dollar was "short" before 1950 because foreign countries fixed their exchange rates too high and the dollar too low. Making the dollar artificially cheap meant that it could not be found in the foreign exchange markets. As soon as the leading European countries devalued their currencies in 1949 and made them realistically cheaper in terms of the dollar, the so-called structural and permanent "shortage" disappeared, as if by magic. None of this elementary economic lesson has penetrated Dr. Solomon's sphere of knowledge.

dium of what happened. Don't look, however, for *real* inside dopester material or any sort of keen critique of plans, suggestions, or personnel. *That* sort of material can be expected only of *ex*-insiders, preferably embittered ones. Solomon's personal inside material is limited to the "how prescient I was to submit that report" variety.

The author's politico-economic views are, as to be expected, *echt* Establishment. Viewing every event and proposal since 1945 as marching onward and upward into the light, Solomon is quite simply delighted with the current jumbled mess of an international monetary order: a cooperatively "managed" (others would call it a "dirty") float of exchange rates, with that annoying commodity, gold, being supposedly phased out, and with Special Drawing Rights (SDR)—a harbinger of a future world reserve bank issuing a new world paper currency. If the U.S. Establishment were

But, politically, after all, it didn't make much difference, for the conclusions of the Establishment were the same, whether the dollar was plagued by shortage or glut. The inference drawn from the "shortage" was that foreign countries could not possibly acquire their own dollars, so the United States *had to* supply them with countless billions of dollars in foreign aid. Later, when they had plenty of dollars, the conclusion was that the United States had to pump more dollars abroad in order to "enhance their liquidity" (read "promote inflation"). Whatever the contingency, then, Establishment economics and politics decree that the U.S. government should pump more dollars into the economy and that some dollars should go abroad to fuel a boom there. In short, the recipe is for continuing worldwide inflation.

WHILE THE TITLE OF THE Solomon book specifies 1945 as the taking-off point of his discussion, the bulk of it is devoted to the period after 1960. Admittedly, it is a lively presentation, chock-full of facts; and while the book is hopeless for economic interpretation or analysis, it is a useful compen-

ever able to bludgeon West Germany, Switzerland, France, and other "hard money" countries into it, that sort of world reserve bank is what we would have, enabling us to have continuing "controlled" worldwide inflation with no international economic conflict.

There are enough facts in Solomon's book, however, for alternative explanations and viewpoints to peep through. Thus, the "phasing out" of gold has been proclaimed by U.S. authorities (the main opponents of gold) for many years, but gold is coming back stronger than ever—witness its recent price rise to more than $160 an ounce (after its enemies, for the umpteenth time, maintained it would never go above $130), and witness the fact that after January 1978 central banks will, for the first time in decades, be able to buy gold on the market without restriction. Also, one can piece together from Solomon's work at least the outlines of the most fascinating international politico-economic struggle of the post-World War II period: the attempt of Charles de Gaulle to combat United States-dollar imperialism by stressing and returning to gold. De Gaulle's attempt was defeated early by the inflationary effects of the economic concessions to the French "revolution" of 1968. But gold, as a commodity dug out of the ground and therefore not totally subject to political control and unlimited creation (as is paper currency), is and will be the major weapon by which the West European antiinflationary countries can try to counteract the continuing inflationary thrust of American state capitalism.

The leading American official on international money matters is the undersecretary of the treasury for monetary affairs. During the post-World War II period the major holders of this post were Paul Volcker (now powerful head of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York) and his successor, Jack Bennett. It is not surprising that Solomon either doesn't know or doesn't care that both men were heavily in the Rockefeller ambit, Volcker at one time serving as personal representative of David Rockefeller on international monetary matters, and Bennett having worked almost two decades for Exxon. Both men were the major militant opponents of gold and advocates of fiat paper in this era. Perhaps this was not a coincidence.

WHILE THE SOLOMON BOOK is at least chock-full of facts, Fred Block's work has no redeeming feature. Block seems to know far less about economics than does Solomon; indeed, especially on monetary matters, Block seems to have a genius for error. He understands not at all the intimate connection between the supply of money and inflation of prices—the cornerstone of monetary economics. Block's naive faith that socialism or collectivism will cure inflation simply lacks any theoretical or empirical backing whatsoever.

One would think that a socialist would at least be alive to international economic power struggles, but the major disappointment of the Block book is that it is even less helpful than Solomon's, which at least provides some of the facts. There is not a word in Block's discussion about de Gaulle's gold policy and the gold vs. dollar struggle, not a word about Volcker, Bennett, and the Rockefeller connection. Even when Block discusses the origins of the Marshall Plan and mentions the key role of William L. Clayton as undersecretary of state, he says not a word about the critical fact that Clayton's own cotton brokerage firm of Anderson, Clayton & Co. benefited from a multi-million-dollar cotton contract under the Marshall Plan.

We are still looking for good sense and understanding on the development of the current international monetary mess. That analysis would have to combine the insights of economic theory and of power politics: a knowledge of the influence of the quantity of money on prices and on exchange rates, with a sensitivity to the use of money to advance the power and wealth of privileged interests. In short, a rare blend of the best of "right wing" and "left wing" analyses. ❑

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***TRUTH AND IDEOLOGY*, by Hans Barth. University of California Press, 218 pp., $12.75.**

The dilemma of ideology

J. N. GRAY

*IT IS ONE OF THE MOST DISTINC-*tive paradoxes of our age that at a time when militant worldviews each claim a monopoly of final truth about man and society, the idea of truth itself is everywhere under suspicion. Thinking himself to have arrived at the age of reason, modern man has discarded faith and dogma and has embraced a range of ideologies which, in seeking to invalidate their rivals by identifying the motives and interests that support them, have succeeded only in spreading a general disbelief in the power of human reason.

In a critical history of thought from Bacon through Marx and Nietzsche to the present day, the Swiss social philosopher Hans Barth elaborates upon the implications of this paradox as he finds it in the work of several of Europe's foremost thinkers. He does this in the context of a study of the concept of ideology, discovering its origin in the writings of one of the lesser-known philosophers of the French Enlightenment, and tracing its changing uses down into our own time.

Published in 1945, just a year before he accepted a professorship in philosophy and political science at the University of Zurich, *Truth and Ideology*—now rendered into English in a good free translation—aims to be a more rigorous exposition of the ideas he expressed during the previous 16 years in the columns of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. Europe's history in these years was one of economic dislocations accompanied by cultural collapse and political convulsions, and this background of crisis informs the whole book, infusing its scholarly content with a sense of passionate urgency. Like Camus' *L'Homme révolté*, with which it has much in common, *Truth and Ideology* aspires to offer a diagnosis of our deepest maladies.

Barth's account of the coining during the period of the French Revolution of the word *ideologie* in the writings of Antoine Destutt de Tracy fills in a neglected area of modern intellectual history. It shows that while de Tracy understood by ideology a science of ideas that would uncover the natural history of the human mind and provide the foundation of all the other sciences, we owe our current understanding of *ideology* to Napoleon Bonaparte. For it was Bonaparte who first used the term derogatively to denote the speculative abstractions of the philosophers of the Enlightenment, whose systems of ideas he regarded as little more than intellectual conceits with scant relation to the realities of society and history.

Although it was Bonaparte who conferred on the concept of ideology its distinctive sense, in which it serves to devalue any ideas to which it is applied, Barth shows how it was the founders of the theory of ideology themselves who inaugurated the ominous modern tradition of denigration of human reason. Like Bacon before him, but without his lingering attachment to religion or his political conservatism, de Tracy sought a method by which the intellect could be purged of its prejudices, and the growth of knowledge encouraged. He found this in the program of reducing all ideas to their constituent sensations, and in a passive conception of the human mind which supported the Enlightenment belief in the virtual omnipotence of education.

*BARTH SUGGESTS THAT DE-*spite their strong commitment to the search for truth, the germ of modern irrationalism lies concealed in the theory of ideology as developed by such writers as de Tracy, Helvetius, and Holbach. For in propagating a view of the mind as merely a receptacle of sensations that had been manipulated from time immemorial by priests and kings, the theorists of ideology helped to destroy the belief in its autonomy. True, just as calling a banknote counterfeit presupposes the extreme of genuine currency, so the founders of the theory of ideology affirmed their conviction of the reality of truth in their very project of attacking error and the vested interests that supported it. Yet the impact of their teaching was to weaken the conception of the human mind as a faculty oriented toward the discovery of truth.

The implications of this fatal ambiguity in the theory of ideology are further explored by Barth in his critical discussion of the more developed theories of Marx and Nietzsche. In what is plainly the book's central chapter, Barth analyzes the miscellany of ideas that achieved a precarious synthesis in Marx's theory of false consciousness. From Hegel, Marx took the redemptive view of history as the unfolding of a single subject's possibilities, while from Feuerbach he derived his conception of man as a creative being alienated from the frozen and petrified products of his own free activity. Adding to these beliefs the classical economists' conviction of the value of human labor and the significance of its division in complex societies, Marx advanced his materialistic conception of history, in which changes in human thought were understood to reflect modifications in the economic basis of society.

The main thrust of the chapter, however, is not to be found in its exploration of the obscure claim that the mode of production ultimately determines the dominant ideas of a society. It is in the claim, made before Barth by the heretical Hungarian Marxist Lukacs, that Marxism itself cannot be exempt from understanding and criticism in terms of the materialist conception of history which it comprehends. It is Barth's conclusion that because of the paradoxes of self-reference into which it falls, the Marxian theory of false consciousness is self-defeating. On the one hand, it asserts the universal dependency of human thought on social conditions, while on the other hand it claims for itself a privileged stance detached from the conditionings of historical circumstance. If Marxism is supposed to be true, rather than merely a myth that is useful in promoting the interests of the proletariat, then we can know it to be true only by exercising powers of autonomous reason whose reality Marxism itself denies. So, if we can know that Marxism is true, it must be false. According to Barth, Nietzsche's nihilistic critique of knowledge founders in a similar self-contradiction. If, as Nietzsche argues, all human thought expresses a will to power, so that objective judgment is an illusion, what are we to think of Nietzsche's own philosophy? If we have any reason to think it true, then it, too, must be false.

Viewing the mind as only a receptacle of sensations, the theorists of ideology helped to destroy the belief in its autonomy.

IT IS THIS ANCIENT ARGUMENT against skepticism that gives the book a recurring theme, but its main value lies elsewhere. It is in Barth's meticulous and persuasive account of ideologies as missionary worldviews containing built-in safeguards against criticism and automatic mechanisms for undermining the claims to truth of their competitors. As Popper would say, ideologies are immunized against falsification; this is, in fact, what distinguishes them from science and philosophy. We have learned from such writers as Alastair MacIntyre and Thomas Szasz to regard psychoanalysis as a typical ideology that

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characterizes as "resistance" any dissident self-interpretation on the part of the patient. Similarly, Barth shows how the Marxian theory of false consciousness functions as a weapon to disable all theoretical and practical criticism of Marxist doctrine. For, with its metaphysical doctrine of the human essence alienated from itself in class (and especially capitalist) society, Marxism empowers its adherents to override the avowed purposes and beliefs of existing men. So it is that in injuring real men, Marxists can claim to be benefiting them, and in enslaving them, effecting their liberation.

By comparison with such a luminously clear dissection of the conceptual basis of the theory of ideology as may be found in John Plamenatz's book *Ideology*, Barth's treatment may not possess the highest degree of critical perspicuity. In contrast to Plamenatz's almost leisurely survey of contemporary theories of ideology, however, Barth's book has a polemical urgency that our present predicament surely warrants. Plamenatz's lucid demonstration of the fallacies and confusions underlying the Marxian theories of objective interests and false consciousness has not prevented the reemergence in the writings of such Marxists as Althusser and Dalibar of turgidly obscurant versions of these same errors. Nor does his treatment—under the category of "the political uses of ideology"—of the totalitarian administration of thought really capture the explosive mixture of moral skepticism, utopian perfectibilism, all-encompassing relativism, and messianic dogmatism that is the paradoxical reality of modern ideology. Barth's argument cuts closer to the bone and shows the theory of ideology to be a threat to the political order of a free society.

The importance of Barth's book is, finally, in its explanation of the bearing of modern doubt on the prospects of freedom. His real antagonist is that peculiarly modern brand of skeptical liberalism that seeks to ground the defense of liberty in the fallibility of all our beliefs. As the last chapter of his book shows, Barth's real objection to this kind of liberalism is not that it embodies any kind of formal self-contradiction, but that any society which embraces it is likely to be self-destroying. This is not an original argument, for its lineage can be traced back at least as far as such conservative and reactionary thinkers as Edmund Burke and Joseph de Maistre, and it has been revived by such classical liberal writers as Michael Polanyi and Wilhelm Röpke. Still, Barth's argument is an important one—worth restating and here powerfully stated—which every partisan of a free society should weigh. For his claim is nothing less than that a free society which is also stable cannot be a completely open society in which nothing is exempt from criticism and questioning. Whether this assertion ultimately turns out to be true or false, it contains a challenge to our complacency in a way we cannot afford to ignore.

MUSIC

THE LESTER YOUNG STORY: Vols. I, II, and III. Columbia Records (JG33502, JG34837, JG34840), Vol. I, $6.98; Vols. II and III, $8.98 each.

The onliest Prez

NAT HENTOFF

WHEN LESTER YOUNG WAS coming up in the 1930s, he didn't *sound* like a tenor saxophonist. The reigning monarch of the instrument was Coleman Hawkins, whose tone was big and bursting, and that's the way Hawkins's eager competitors tried to sound. But Lester's tone was light, in keeping with his floating time. And once, when Young had taken Hawkins's place in Fletcher Henderson's band, he roomed at the boss's home to be awakened each morning by Fletcher's wife, Leora, as she played recordings by Hawkins for the wayward young man.

"Every morning," Young remembered, "that bitch would say, 'Lester, can't you play like this?' I just listened, I didn't want to hurt her feelings."

But Young's feelings were hurt, and Billie Holiday would try to gentle him out of those blues. "I told him, 'It doesn't matter because you have a beautiful tone. And you watch. After a while, everybody's going to be copying *you*.' And it came to *be*."

Indeed it did. In time, hundreds, thousands of tenors went Lester's way. And altoists too. "He played so clean and beautiful," said Charlie Parker who, as a very young man, was touched in Kansas City by Lester's grace and supple imagination.

By the time I knew him, in the late 1940s, it would never have occurred to anyone to fault Lester's tone or any other aspect of his playing. Actually, it was sometimes embarrassing to see him in a club listening to one of his many imitators. On one such occasion at Birdland, Lester, at the end of another tenor player's set, shook his head and said, "He didn't leave anything of me for me to play."

NAT HENTOFF has written widely on jazz. His most recent book on the subject is Jazz Is.

Nonetheless, as he knew, he remained the onliest Prez (a nickname given him by Billie Holiday, whom he had first called Lady Day). Once on stand himself, there was that utterly singular melodic flow, the deeply easeful swing, and that subtly variegated, lyrical sound that often came so close to the human voice.

OFF THE STAND, LESTER WAS just as *sui generis*. A loner, gentle, considerate, shy, he was like Duke Ellington in his passion for avoiding unpleasantness. Yet he was equally insistent on following his own inner rhythm section. For a time, he drank enormous quantities of liquor, but differently. Courvoisier with a beer chaser. Gin followed by sherry. And there was also a period during which Young affected effeminacy even though he was never a homosexual. In some convoluted way, it amused him to appear even *more* different.

So too he played with language as another way of leaving his mark. It was Lester who invented the phrase, "I feel a draft"—meaning there is a racist in the room, or someone otherwise uncivilized. And when telling a sideman to take three more choruses, Lester would say, "Have a trio." Moreover, he gave permanent nicknames to others beside Billie Holiday —among them, Harry "Sweets" Edison and "Sir" Charles Thompson.

Lester could also talk directly to the point. Herschel Evans, a friendly rival in Count Basie's band, played tenor in the Hawkins tradition. One night he mockingly asked Lester, "Why don't you play alto, man? You got an alto *tone*." Lester tapped his head and said, "There's things going on up there, man. But some of *you* guys are all belly."

Since Lester's death in 1959 at the age of 49, not all the "things going on up there" that he put on record have been generally available. Now, John Hammond and Michael Brooks, in one of the most important reissue projects in jazz history, have released three volumes of *The Lester Young Story* on Columbia. (Each album has two discs, extensive notes by Brooks, and a discography.)

It should be stressed that the series is not just for instructive historic listening. Young's playing arches over time as it does over conventional bar lines. His joyousness, poignancy, wit, and sheer delight in the act of imagination have a freshness and immediacy characteristic, for that matter, of Duke Ellington or Charlie Parker. And what John Lewis, who played piano for Young on occasion, said of him in life applies as well to the present impact of these re-

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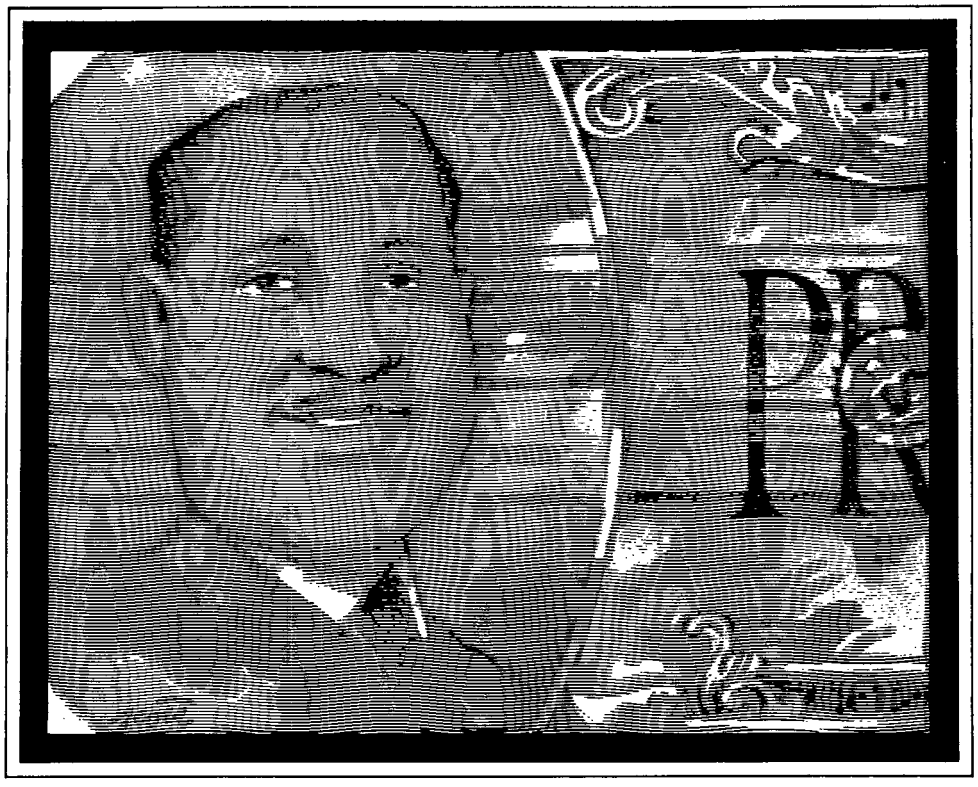

GREG SCOTT

cordings: "The basic mark of Lester is that he's always young. He stays young in his playing. Some people are always crying for love and kindness; but Lester doesn't cry. The ways he seems to see *being* is, 'Here we are. Let's have the best time we can.' "

VOLUME ONE STARTS WITH AN astonishing apotheosis of swing—a four-side session, with one alternate take, recorded in Chicago by John Hammond in 1936. A small combo of Basie sidemen (the Count was under contract elsewhere) create one of the most exhilarating grooves ever recorded. Much of the rest of the initial volume consists of the Billie Holiday-Teddy Wilson sides that have never been equaled for relaxed jazz singing and swinging. These, too, were among John Hammond's extensive contributions to the music. (For details of the Chicago and Holiday sessions, and much else in Hammond's nonpareil life as a jazz catalyst, there is the new *John Hammond on Record/An Autobiography*, Ridge Press/Summit Books.)

Lester was a particular source of pleasurable encouragement for Billie Holiday. They felt much the same way about music. Lady Day liked to sound as if she were a horn—often Lester's horn. And Prez, as she once said, "sings with his horn. You listen and you can almost hear the words." Indeed, Lester told me a few years before he died: "A musician should know the lyrics of the songs he plays. That completes it. Then you can go for yourself and you know what you're doing. A lot of musicians that play nowadays don't know the lyrics of the songs. That way they're just playing the changes, not the song."

Volume Two of *The Lester Young Story* consists of more of the Billie Holiday-Teddy Wilson dates, along with Lester's "Honeysuckle Rose" solo from the 1938 Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert. As a dividend, there are eight alternate takes from the Holiday sessions, thereby providing a palpable sense of the nature of jazz improvisation.

In a technical note appended to each volume, it's noted that many of these previously unissued performances had been rejected because of certain technical problems rather than because of musicians' errors. "Lester, especially, had a habit of producing certain sound frequencies on his horn that caused the needles on the recording gauges to practically burst their glass." As always, Prez came on differently.

Volume Three begins with small combo dates under Teddy Wilson, shifts to a Basie chamber group, and then to the full Basie band, including a marvelously airborne "Taxi War-Dance." There are also two tracks and an alternate from a Glenn Hardman date. In addition to Prez, there are especially satisfying solos by Buck Clayton and Count Basie, along with incisive, high-spirited vocals by Helen Humes. And in the notes, there is a characteristic eschatological comment by Prez on Herschel Evans: "I was the last person to see him die. In fact, I paid the doctor for his bill and everything. He loved his instrument and I loved mine, too. So fuck you, fuck me."

On occasion, in *The Lester Young Story*, Prez can be heard on clarinet. On that instrument too, he sang with his horn but with a liquid flow and twilight sound that no clarinetist in jazz has ever approached. Had he preferred, Young could have been the Prez of the clarinet too. He told more of a story in one chorus than Benny Goodman in 20.

IN OR OUT OF JAZZ, I HAVE never known anyone as original as Lester Young. Not that I think I knew him at all. I doubt if anyone white did, and few blacks. What Prez wanted known was in his music. And that he took pride in. "I feel funny listening to my own records," Lester told me once. "I think I enjoy them too well. I might repeat what I hear on them when I play, so I don't like to listen to them over and over. If I listened to them too much, I'd be thinking about them when I'm playing or recording new ones instead of creating."

Again like Duke Ellington, Lester did not like to look back. Toward the end, when Lester especially needed money, he was asked to make an album with a small band of former Basie musicians. The idea was to "reconstruct" the vintage Basie sound. Lester refused. "I can't do it. I don't play like that anymore. I play different; I live different. This is later. That was then. We change, we move on."

And similarly, Young encouraged younger musicians. In the years on his own as a leader, he usually employed musicians on the way up rather than established players. Part of the reason was bread. Lester didn't pay all that well, telling his sidemen, "You got to save your pennies to go with Prez." But the other part of the reason was that he felt it his responsibility to open space for the newer horns.

When Lester recorded for Norman Granz, for instance, he would tell the impresario, "I've got to give the kiddies a gig."

"So," Granz recalls, "we'd have to use his people. Afterwards, Lester would sometimes admit the records weren't as good as they could have been if we had used better-known guys." But at least the kiddies had had another gig, and that much more exposure.

AS FOR LISTENING TO THE LESter Young Story, a particularly useful guide has been provided by John Lewis:

"If you have a melodic design that is strong enough, you can build on that design and on the accompanying rhythm patterns without relying on any particular harmonic progression. This is especially true if there is enough rhythmic character. Lester Young did that for years. He didn't always have to lean on the harmonic pattern. He could sustain a chorus by his melodic ideas and rhythm. The chords were there, and Lester could always fill out any chord that needed it, but he was not strictly dependent on the usual progression."

In sum, Prez was one of the first of the modernists and, for that matter, of the postmodernists. Once he had found his way, he followed it, no matter what anyone thought. I've often wondered what choruses were building in Lester's head on those awful mornings when Leora Henderson would force him to listen to Coleman Hawkins playing the "right" way on the tenor.

"Hell," Prez once said, "she played trumpet herself—circus trumpet!"

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FILM

THE TURNING POINT and THE GOODBYE GIRL, both directed by Herbert Ross.

The best new movies of 1943

STEPHEN HARVEY

*IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH PRES*ence of mind to realize that in the last year or so, the style and substance of American movies have been radically turned around. Almost overnight the blood-spattered nihilism of the early seventies—the appeal of which was attributed to everything from sunspots to the Imperial Presidency—has begun to seem as remote as the odes to the counterculture of the late sixties. Instead, the most influential movies lately have come out emphatically on the side of what their directors conceive to be human goodness and self-fulfillment. In movies as seemingly disparate as *Rocky* and *Star Wars*, the message is largely the same—we are not clockwork zombies, immobilized by urban anomie, cataclysms both natural and man-made, or the infernal designs of Beelzebub; we make our own destinies.

This year moviegoers have amply demonstrated their hunger for these reassuring truisms, and after a five-year siege of rampant on-screen paranoia, who can blame them? The irony is that the more these films try to keep up with the mood of the times, the further back they hearken in search of inspiration. The current crop of filmmakers is so unused to invoking the cause of humanism that it's been forced to rummage through the vaults of faded movie memories for the key. Hence *Rocky's* upbeat underdog is really just Mr. Deeds or Mr. Smith with an inner-city accent, and *Star Wars* a computerized *Buck Rogers* in stereophonic sound. Even *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* couldn't have existed if it weren't for the likes of *The Day the Earth Stood Still* a generation ago. (As for *New York, New York*, one could go mad trying to unravel all the homages to Hollywood's *ancien régime*.) As cycles go, this one has already spawned its share of entertaining movies, but sooner or later this retrospective mania is bound to induce a crick in the neck of audiences and film-makers alike.

Consistently enough, *The Goodbye Girl* and *The Turning Point*, two highly touted winter releases, feverishly resuscitate yet another pair of bygone genres—namely, the three-hankie "women's picture" and the screwball romantic comedy. Each betrays an almost morbid recall of archaic movie conventions, while trying to seem resolutely modern at the same time. Both were directed by the prolific Herbert Ross, which goes far to explain their limitations.

ROSS'S CAREER IS LIVING PROOF that the old adage about film being a director's medium doesn't always work out in practice. Over the last decade, Ross has divided his time largely between focusing the spotlight for divas like Barbra Streisand *(Funny Lady, The Owl and the Pussycat)* and dutifully transcribing onto celluloid the plays of Neil Simon *(The Sunshine Boys)*, Woody Allen *(Play It Again, Sam)*, and such. At best, the result has been a few serviceable, if pedestrian, vehicles for the hot property in question; at worst, Ross has simply allowed either the narcissism of the star or the proscenium archness of the script to be registered intact, photographed in a style apparently cribbed from episodes of *Love, American Style*.

Although *The Goodbye Girl* is as strident and stagy as most of the rest, Ross's usual alibis don't apply here; Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason haven't the box-office clout to justify their excesses, and while Neil Simon provided the script, it was an original written directly for the screen. I use the word "original" in its loosest possible meaning, because the plot has been lifted wholesale from that charming forties comedy *The More the Merrier*, in which Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea shared a cramped Washington apartment and, despite themselves, fell in love, with an assist from that caustic old cupid, Charles Coburn. There has already been one credited remake of this story *(Walk Don't Run*, with Cary Grant in the Coburn part) transplanted to Tokyo during the Olympics; this time around, Irresistible Force (Dreyfuss) collides with Immovable Object (Mason) on New York's Upper West Side. Understandably, the carbon has gotten a little bit blurry with age, and the romantic couple's peevish bickerings over invaded turf haven't a fraction of the comic freshness and precision of the original model. Simon's major innovations have been to make the lead characters a pair of career-frustrated performers, and to replace the elderly matchmaker with a tart-tongued child (Quinn Cummings); yet even she's just a female replica of Ellen Burstyn's sassy son from *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. But then, the whole script is promiscuously derivative, borrowing from *A Chorus Line* (Mason's abortive dance audition), *A Thousand Clowns* (precocious kid loves childlike grown-up), ad infinitum.

Still, nobody but Simon could have written *The Goodbye Girl*—its acrid tone and shameless manipulation are unmistakable. Both writer and director are bent on disarming the audience with their characters' warmth and spontaneity, and Simon has made his usual cursory attempt to give the two main characters a facsimile of depth (rejection by one man too many has made her insecure; while underneath his bombast, Dreyfuss is as vulnerable as Mason). Yet each wayward moment of genuine feeling that threatens to surface is gunned down in the barrage of one-liners from the Master. Simon can't seem to stop himself, no matter how threadbare—or alien to the character forced to utter them—the quips get.

The more these films try to keep up with the mood of the times, the further back they hearken for inspiration.

LESS ENDEARING STILL IS Simon's palpable disdain for anyone unfortunate enough not to be white or heterosexual. In *The Goodbye Girl*'s Simonized New York, blacks, Puerto Ricans, even Japanese car salesmen exist solely to harass those few whites plucky enough to stick it out in the big city. He reserves the heavy ammo for homosexuals, the mere mention of whom, at this late date, is still expected to provoke paroxysms of unrestrained mirth. When forced by an eccentric off-Broadway director to play Richard III as the queen of the realm, Dreyfuss vents his dismay in an endless stream of "fruit" jokes; later the heroine chimes in with the observation that what made dancing in the chorus a particular drag, was the fact that the boys in the back row had higher voices than hers. It's bad enough that Simon thinks this is funny—worse yet that we're supposed to take this as evidence of how lovable and normal these characters are.

Ross's direction and the camera work are

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Its plot is really too synthetic to convey hard truths, while its approach is too low-key for a real emotional assault.

perfectly in tune with the smarminess of the script. The framing of the actors is cramped and ungainly, and the photography so grainy that it's hard to make out the actors' expressions except in close-up. Perhaps to compensate, Dreyfuss and Mason carry on as if they were being forced to project every nuance to the back rows of the Shubert. The strain takes a particular toll on Mason; under more relaxed circumstances she can be a pleasant performer, but here she never tosses a line away when it can be socked home at full volume. Dreyfuss seems a bit more at ease, since frenetic abrasiveness has always been his long suit. Eventually his relentlessness wore down the audience's defenses as well as the heroine's, but I wish someone had spared him the effort. Anyone in the mood for a romantic comedy with spirit and humor will just have to track down a local rerun of *Annie Hall*.

The Turning Point shows off Ross's propensity for glossy star vehicles; as such it's palatable enough, but the movie hints at more than it ever comes close to delivering. Like *Julia*, the fact that it raises the subject of female friendship at all may be enough to satisfy some, considering the all but total absence of strong leading roles for women in American movies of the recent past. Again like *Julia*, *The Turning Point* is handsomely made, inoffensive and patently sincere—a pretty pallid set of virtues, even if it is more than you can say for most of the competition. Unlike the unabashed melodramas that kept Joan Crawford and Susan Hayward gainfully employed for decades, *The Turning Point* wants its pathos leavened with a dose of social consciousness, a feat more complicated than it sounds. Its plot is vintage high-forties stuff and really too synthetic to convey many hard truths, while its approach is too low-key and earnest for a real assault on the emotions. Clearly, *The Turning Point*'s heroines Deedee (Shirley MacLaine) and Emma (Anne Bancroft) aren't the only ones whose priorities are a bit confused.

OF ALL THOSE VENERABLE entries in the hearth vs. career school of movies, *The Turning Point* specifically recalls Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins's second tandem effort, *Old Acquaintance*. In that genuinely kitsch classic, intellectual Davis and lowbrow Hopkins play girlhood chums and rival novelists who thrust and parry from youth through middle age, belatedly coming to terms with themselves and each other at the final fade-out. MacLaine is Hopkins's subdued descendant, bemoaning her thwarted chance for the limelight after 20 years of self-imposed exile in Oklahoma; gifted and ambitious à la Davis, dancer Bancroft is pirouetting into forced retirement and has nothing waiting in the wings to take the place of her vocation. Modes of self-fulfillment change with the decades; Davis and Hopkins coveted the same man, Bancroft and MacLaine the same spot in the ballet firmament. Yet in both cases the catalyst is the same—the domestic one's daughter with the flossy first name (Deirdre in *Old Acquaintance*, Emilia in *The Turning Point*), who starts out by emulating her mother's best friend, and ends up with the youthful beau (1943) or professional coup (1977) for which her idol has become too old to compete.

The Turning Point's principal departure from the mold, of course, is in its purported insider's view of the contemporary ballet scene. Its credentials on this score are undeniably impressive; director Ross is a former stage choreographer of some distinction, and the film's executive producer, Ross's wife, Nora Kaye, was herself a ballet star of legendary stature. Yet the film is pervaded with the sense of an uneasy truce between the impulse to make this milieu accessible and exciting to the masses, and the desire to depict it with fidelity. Arthur Laurents's screenplay gives lip service to the sweat and persistence required to survive in this profession; yet in true movie-movie fashion, the debuting Emilia makes it to the top quicker than you can say Natalia Makarova. This might have been excused as acceptable poetic license with someone really electric in the role, but the casting of Leslie Browne was a crucial error in judgment from every standpoint. As an actress she's neither sufficiently skilled nor appealing to make one much care about her personal or professional vicissitudes, while her dancing virtuosity falls far short of convincing any balletomane that she's worthy of Baryshnikov, who partners her in the film.

ALTHOUGH A DAZZLING ARRAY of ballet stars appears in snippets of dance during the course of the film, for the most part these vignettes are singularly uninvolving, because of the uninspired way they've been photographed—in static long shots taken too far from the stage, irritatingly punctuated with superfluous reaction shots of the audience. Baryshnikov's solos are the glorious exception; his weightless panache seems to have prompted Ross to let the camera soar in harmony with this marvel, and the effect is momentarily exhilarating.

Apart from such fleeting moments of pure pleasure, *The Turning Point* doesn't provide much more than a serviceable framework for the acting pyrotechnics of its two co-stars. Deedee and Emma are such neatly symmetrical polar opposites, with every motivation carefully spelled out and underlined by the script, that they really don't have much substance as characters. Yet Bancroft and MacLaine invest them with such gusto that their charged interplay is always engaging to watch. Although the camera must continually cut away from Bancroft at work to preserve the illusion of her balletic mastery, off stage at least, with her sinewy frame and regal demeanor, she has the aura down cold. Her performance has a relaxed center to it quite unlike anything she's managed on screen in far too long. Much the same could be said for MacLaine's work here; gone completely are the fussy quirks of her hoyden days, replaced with a mature directness and sure sense of understatement. With an utter lack of vanity, she manages to convey the frustrated slackness of a woman who's spent too many years bending over a dishwasher instead of a practice bar; she is aided in this by the excellent costume design, which sums up the contrast between Deedee and Emma far more succinctly than does the script. Like most women stars of their vintage, Bancroft and MacLaine have had professional hurdles of their own in the last few years, and it's a pleasure to see them flex their skills again. It's a pity that what they labor so valiantly on hasn't been fresh since V-J Day.

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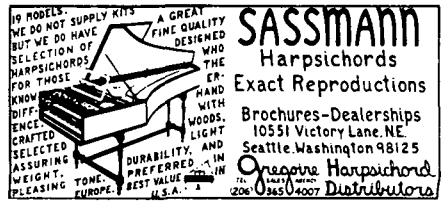

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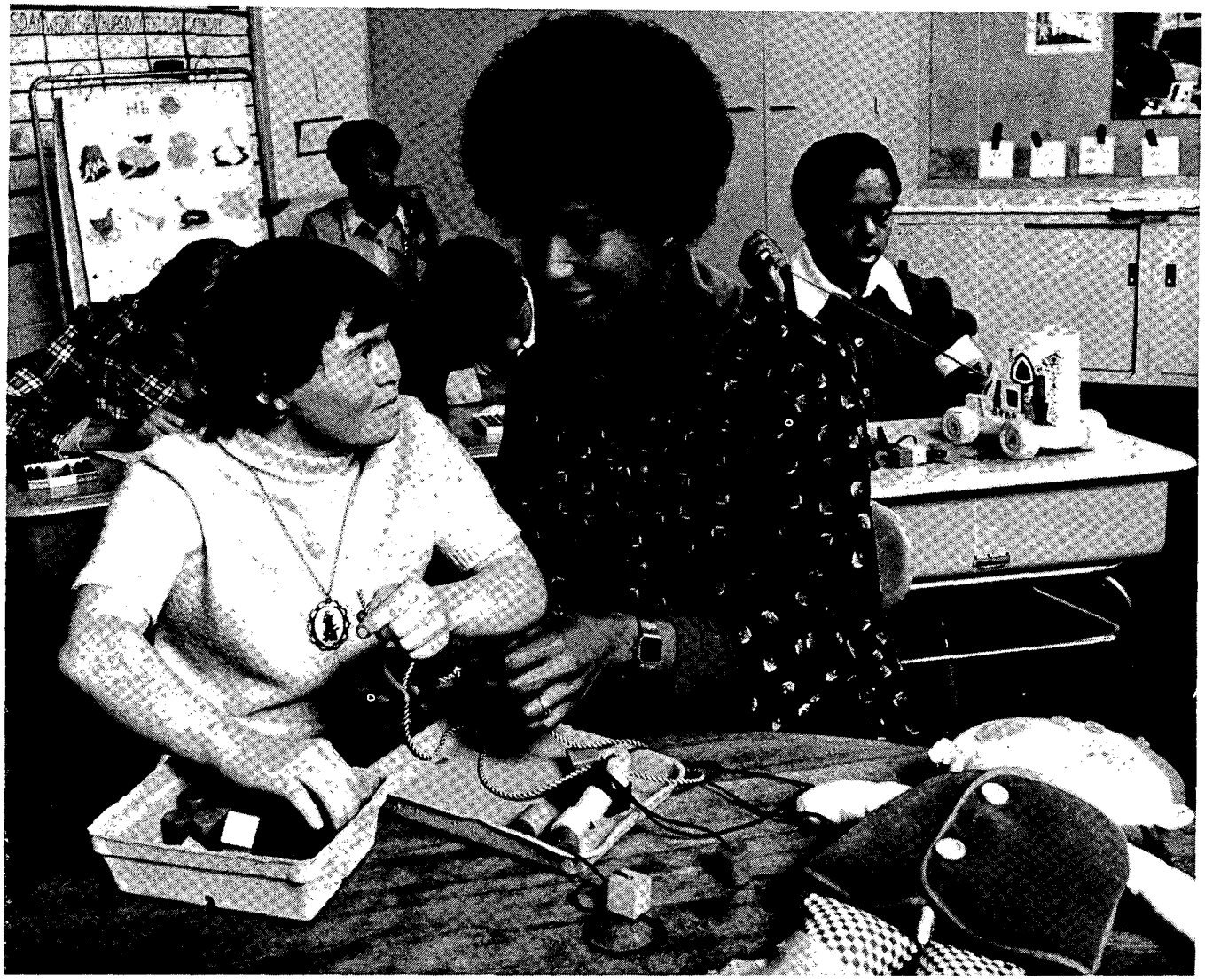

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